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Vol. CXXXII. No. 1730

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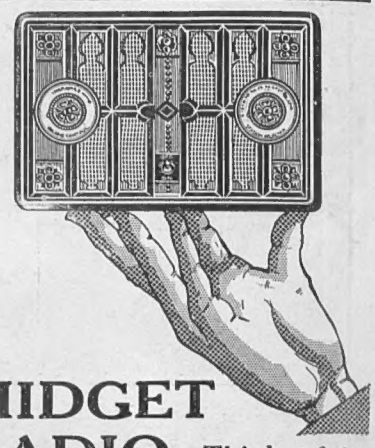

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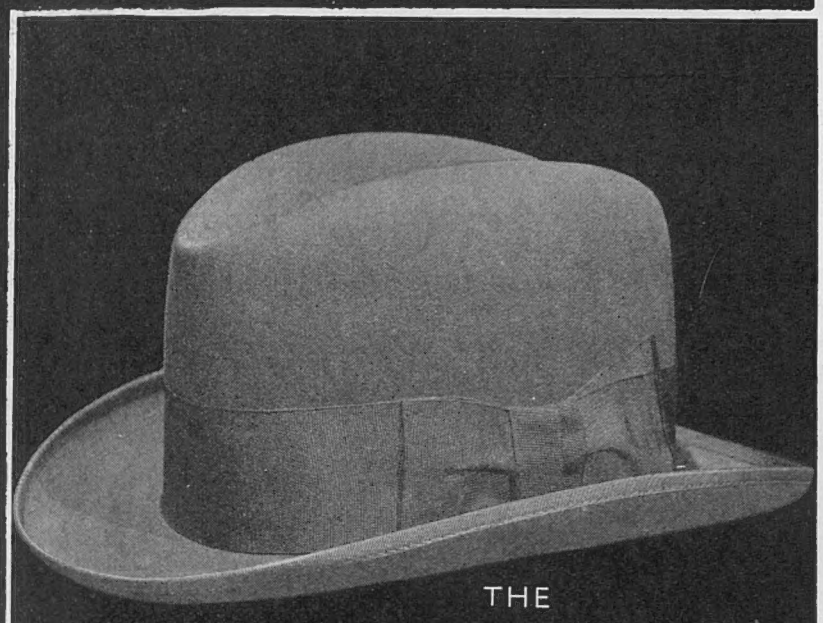

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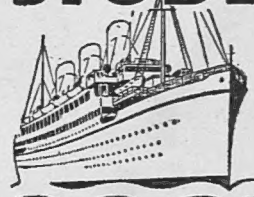

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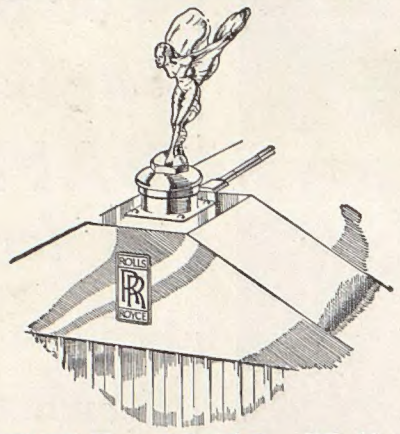

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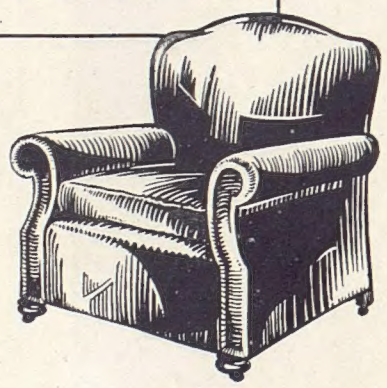

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 18, 1933

CHELTENHAM: THE "ASCOT" OF STEEPLECHASING

Where a Fashionable Crowd Witnessed Some Thrilling Finishes at the National Hunt Meeting

Cheltenham's annual National Hunt Meeting, one of the most important and popular events of the steeplechasing season, was held in spring-like weather on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, when a fashionably-dressed crowd enjoyed some excellent racing and some really thrilling finishes. The feature of the meeting was, of course, Miss Dorothy Paget's double-double event, her fine 'chaser, Golden Miller, winning the valuable Cheltenham Gold Cup for the second year in succession, and her six-year-old hurdler, Insurance, repeating his victory in the Champion Challenge Cup. As usual, there was a large attendance on the second afternoon, when twenty-four amateur riders contested the picturesque National Hunt Steeplechase, while on the final day an attractive programme sustained interest to the end. In the picture above are seen Miss Barclay, Lady O'Neill, and Miss Laura Charteris, who were prominent among the many women displaying Spring costumes on the opening day of the meeting

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

LONDONERS WELCOME THE APPROACH OF SPRING: An animated scene outside Buckingham Palace on Saturday morning, when many hundreds of Londoners, attracted by the brilliant sunshine, turned out to witness the ceremonial Changing of the Guard

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 15, 1933.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.—

Very interesting and pregnant is the interim report issued by Lord Hanworth's Committee on the business of law courts and amazingly prompt for the publication of recommendations by such committees. Every lawyer and magistrate will study this "interim" with care and anxiety. The main recommendations include:

(1) The abolition of Grand Juries, Middlesex excepted. As to this, much has been said pro and con by those best able to pronounce on the continued utility of a very ancient safeguard for justice. Suspension of the system has been tried out once and, having regard to new safeguards (Court of Criminal Appeal, etc.), I am bound to say I think the times justify the risk of abolition.

(2) The appointment of a Common Jury in civil cases at judge's and not at parties' discretion. This proposal does not "abolish common juries"; far from it. It merely ensures that Common Jurors will not have their valuable time wasted for a litigant's whim. Judges know well what cases are god-sent occasions for the common sense of ordinary men; litigants do not. There is indeed a special breed of counsel which is educated up to sway juries rather than to know the law, and the waste of time and money due to the genius of the breed is notorious. One stage-struck juror means a new trial and a "feather in the cap" of the spell-binder in wig and gown.

(3) The shortening of the long vacation from ten weeks to eight weeks. Justice demands this proposal. The politician-barristers and the journalist-barristers may cry out, but, after all, counsel should be lawyers first, and those of them who succeed in their profession can make an adequate living from the Bar without recourse to side issues.

Here are three out of a very few problems of waste in legal procedure dealt with drastically, practically, promptly, and wisely. It is encouraging.

DIZZY'S SHREWD INVESTMENT.—

The other day I listened to Sir Arnold Wilson speaking on the Suez Canal Company. It was at a private dinner and, greatly as he impressed me, I felt myself pledged to make no commentary. Sir Arnold Wilson is a speaker of unique merit. For clarity of ideas, readiness with fact and figures, manner and mordant wit, I have seldom heard his equal. Belloc at his best may be compared with him. I have heard Lord Lloyd and Sir Arnold coupled together as the two big men of our day, out of fetters, and competent and free to tell the truth without fear or favour. Mr. Churchill might make a trio, "except those bands," the political ties, which still to an extent bind him down. Now the chance comes to comment on Sir Arnold and his theme which he raised again in the presence of the Press at the Victoria Hotel last week. When Dizzy bought for £4,000,000 the Khedive's holding of rather less than half the shares of the Suez Canal Company, it was hailed, and is still regarded, as the shrewdest business deal ever accomplished with a nation's money in a foreign business concern. And so indeed on its face it so appears to-day. For our annual income from the capital invested has been, and still is, nearly cent. per cent. at current rates. For years the company has paid out 40 per cent. on its capital. But there is another and a very sinister side to this Government holding in foreign enterprise, a side as doubtful and difficult as exists in the other famous example, the Anglo-Persian oil fields. First of all, every canon of international sentiment to-day cries out that the Suez Canal should be an international public utility company, run for and by the mercantile powers in the best interests of international commerce. In point of fact, the company is a close preserve of France. True, we nominate a third of the board of directors, and among directorates it is a plum of plums. Our directors are splendidly remunerated; their "lawful occasions" take them along the primrose path, and nothing they can say or do can influence the policy of the French majority. The Frenchmen control the dues and the advisory committee which settles the works programme and allocates the labour of upkeep, a heavy item of expenditure; and they entirely control policy. Yet the life-blood of the company is British blood. The percentages of shipping using the Canal are roughly as follows: British 56, German 11, Dutch 8, French 7, Italian 5, ceteræ cetera. If ever a tail wagged a dog, this French 7 per cent. is that tail. Britain has netted £45,000,000 to date from her £4,000,000 flutter. But what has she lost? The dues are crippling and our unsubsidized mercantile shipping bears more than 50 per cent. of the burden. The Suez Canal, as it exists to-day, is the greatest handicap to British trade and shipping in the intense struggle for survival that can be conceived and, compared with what Dizzy's investment has cost us, the harvest of £45,000,000 is as a China orange to Golconda.

WHERE ARE THE SNOWS . . . ?—

Where are they, the snows not of yesteryear but of the quite recent New Year? We dare not let our memory strain itself so far. The hopes of January 1, 1933, were—just seasonable and conventional fare, and have retained as little substance as the Christmas turkey. Critical times ahead we certainly expected for 1933, but it is pathetic to go back to our New Year estimates. There are crises everywhere to-day and all of them were utterly unexpected only two months ago. We were prepared for long and delicate negotiations over the Debt Settlement question, but not one prophet among us dreamed of a banking crisis completely paralysing the United States and relegating this international question to a matter of less urgent importance. We expected a very slow but gradual revival in trade and confidence. We never dreamed that in a few weeks the exchanges would be frozen. We anticipated great difficulties ahead of the League of Nations, but only the informed expected that March would see Japan sitting on the Great Wall, no longer a member of the League, and the League ruefully collecting the last broken fragment of its reputation as a substitute for war invested with real and deterrent sanctions. We did not expect anything big from the Disarmament Conference but we all of us dared swear that the nations' representatives could not again go empty away. But we underestimated Hitler's big stick. We banked on a mighty cut in services expenditure. We did not perhaps hope for £100,000,000 but we none of us dreamed that, having demanded stone-ground bread, we should be offered a pebble. We look back on the appalling Budgets of 1929 to 1932 actually with envy. . . . Truly we see through a glass darkly.

. . . .

And yet, I never felt more confident that at long last the first real chance of regaining world sanity has come. America imprimis. Ever since her troubles began, she has shewn signs of a change of heart. To-day she has clearly made "the ancient sacrifice, a broken and a contrite heart." The image of the Golden Calf has been broken down, and under a strong, courageous, far-sighted President she will surely set her house in order, and at last the two great English-speaking nations will be ranged side by side to bring order and restore confidence to civilization. For this is indeed the crater's edge and there is not a yard's margin left for further vacillation. In Europe, too, it seems to me, in whatever form Germany emerges from the melting-pot, that emergence will come as a relief. It is doubt rather than actuality that for so long has made Germany the crux of the European situation. As for the Far East, if the situation does not develop still further, we shall come to congratulate ourselves that our worst fears were not realized. It is our darkest hour and I believe it does indeed herald the dawn.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT. —

Herr Hitler, having been the means, under God, of bringing light and wisdom to the German people in darkness, has expressed the view that a campaign of "political enlightenment" must be kept up, so that the people should not become lethargic. Now, the best method of preventing lethargy is to "say it with bludgeons and bombs." This method keeps people circulating and exterminates the mollusc. The Nazis are nuts on this form of propaganda and the proposed new Ministry of Propaganda should flourish under Herr Doktor Goebbels, whose name is a passport to success. He must get down to business at once, because in three weeks' time his department must have so dealt with the German nation and so stimulated any remaining mollusc element that a clear two-thirds of the free and independent electors of that proud nation will pass an Enabling Bill which will abolish the German Republic and set up what seems likely to be a centralized Reich—a Hitler dictatorship over every soul in Germany, and a Prussian dictatorship over every State in the Reich—easily evolved from a dictatorship of force and arms to cope with the present emergency. A man must have character, even genius, to play Petrucchio. Without it, the shrew laughs last and loudest at the cracking of the whip. It remains to see if Hitler fits the part of Petrucchio better than Bavaria the part of Katharina.

A VERY FREE STATE.—About a century ago a small private banking house in my neighbourhood was absorbed into a great bank. Among the assets and liabilities was a not inconsiderable "unclaimed balances" account and this the big bank refused to take over. Accordingly the fund was put in trust and its income annually and automatically reinvested, and for a hundred years the fund has swelled and swelled for the benefit of beneficiaries unknown and more and more likely to remain undiscovered. It is just a simple instance of ordinary business probity and honour. But such methods do not commend themselves to Mr. de Valera. Suspense accounts are not in his line, even when the balances are very far from being unclaimed and the door is not closed to the investigation of claims by arbitration. The Free State Government has decided to close the suspense account of the Land Annuities and to use the money to finance the Exchequer requirements of the Free State. In other words . . . a very Free State Government; and an ugly word is commonly used to describe this large-scale misappropriation of £2,500,000 of the British taxpayers' money.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO CAPITALISM.—The critics of Professor Laski's *Crisis in Democracy*, which I advise comfortable squires and dear old Tories *not* to read, put their fingers on a cardinal error in his argument. The Professor argues (*nem. con.*) that capitalism has failed and that failure became inevitable when it ceased to pay a dividend. So long as capitalism "pays a dividend," it has a better chance of life than any other system. Our present state is a "social service state," and the moment when markets, in which profits can be picked up, cease to expand, the knell of the social service state sounds. For such a state is upheld by the capitalists to whom individual rights and other inherited heirlooms mean everything, and these priceless heirlooms are the only assets which the Government can sell to bribe the electorate for its continued support, i.e., an electoral majority. So Capitalism goes and Socialism takes its place—and in our time. The only doubt in the Professor's mind is how Socialism will come. By ringing the bell and coming up the front stairs, hat in hand, or by breaking in at the scullery and crashing up the back stairs? Constitutionally or by *coup d'état?* But his critics cease at this point to follow the Professor's chain of reasoning. They accept the failure of Capitalism, Democracy, and so on, and they look for an alternative; but they are not by any means in agreement that Socialism is the only or even the obvious alternative. What then are the other alternatives? I have tried hard to discover, but beyond a hint that there are secrets locked up in the hearts of the young and revolting Conservatives, there is no information on this vitally interesting question to be gleaned from the critics. And I have looked in vain for any light in the reports of Mr. Maxton's debate in the House last week.

DUMMY LEGISLATION.—The open road once more in its season invites the general motoring, bicycling, and walking public to try country scenes and fresh air for a change. And every bend in that road is a gigantic note of interrogation. If the Road Charter of 1930 has failed, it must go without delay, for whatever else we must bear we will not suffer Death's needless harvest to continue, to save the face of Bureaucracy-at-fault. The general conclusion as to the Act probably is that so far it has not had a chance to prove itself. And why? Because its new provisions, good or bad, have not yet been widely obeyed and the sanctions provided have not had a chance to sink in. It has been fairly argued that 50 per cent. of the Traffic Act's provisions have been 50 per cent. disregarded and with impunity. The bulk of the remainder are generally accepted and often obeyed and we can judge of their virtue fairly well, while admitting that failure to comply with them is not adequately detected. The effect of all this on the reputation of the Transport Ministry has been obvious. Quite unable to implement its sanctions, it has lost the authority a live department should and often does possess. And that is hard on a hard-worked department which has had the services of some hard-working and far-seeing men.

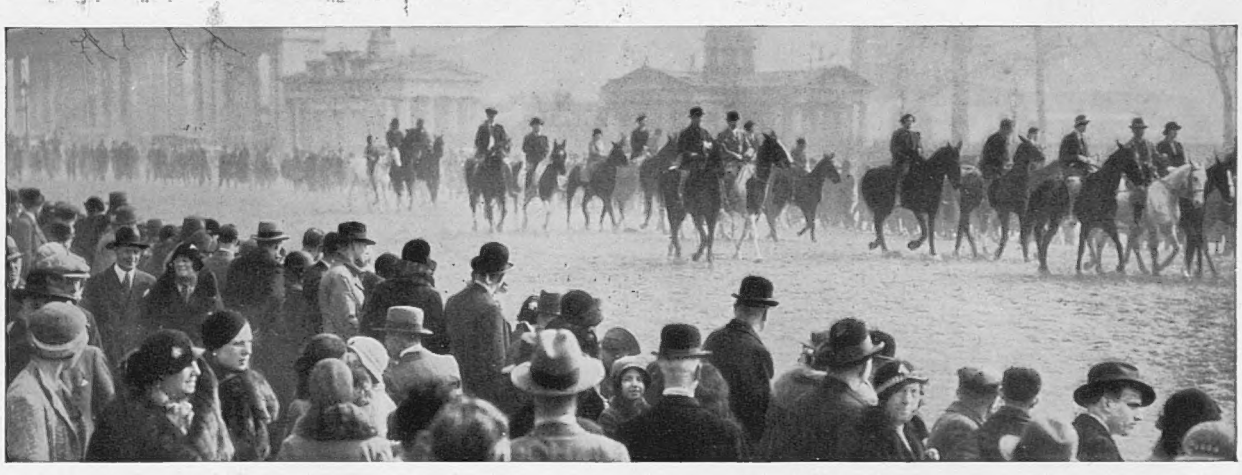
. . . .

The obvious course in times of stress and stringency and during a crime wave is to organize a road campaign for a definite, if short, period, making temporary use of specials and road scouts invested with plenary powers. The Road Transport Act cost time, money, and thought and it deserves to be tried out; it will never be tried out until the law enforces the observance of its code. And at present the law is impotent to punish a tithe of the transgressions or to make its sanctions a real force. It should be proved at once, because the road is a scandal and because public opinion is already inclined to regard the measure as largely a dead letter and local authorities to take the law into their own hands and in framing local regulations to run counter to the declared official policy. It is failure to detect, not failure to deter, which is the root of the trouble. I utterly deny the charge against magistrates that they regard motoring offences as trivial and punish them lightly. They do not. Motoring offences occupy two-thirds of our time as it is, but every magistrate who is much on the roads realizes that the net of the law lets ninety-nine offenders out of every hundred escape a trial. The Government has promised to inquire into the very real danger that exists in the free sale of dummy revolvers. It should be equally alive to the dangers inherent in dummy legislation.

CROCUSES AND COURT-DRESS.—Grey old London needs its touches of colour and there is no more heartening season in all the Londoner's calendar than the co-incidence of the crocuses in the parks and the levees at St. James's. From now on, the Londoners look forward to the sweet of the year. The needs of economy and the expansion of Society have robbed the levees of much of their pageantry. There is all too much inconspicuous khaki; scarlet and feathers are not so apparent as formerly. And very noticeable is the decline in the black velvet court suit of the unprofessional gentleman, with its steel-handled rapier. Almost everybody nowadays can disguise himself in some sort of service or professional full dress. The diplomats wear their blushing honours with easiest grace and nonchalance. The senior officers of the line regiments have a curiously wooden appearance. The uniforms of Ministers of State too often resemble the wrinkled and dusty garments which formerly decked Tussaud's waxen men. Query? Why do public men so often turn into waxworks? It is impossible not to notice a stimulating difference between the courtiers and the crocuses; 90 per cent. of the former are obviously self-conscious in their finery. But the crocuses, to a flower, are superbly at ease and sure of themselves. They seem to have been born and bred in those purple and golden robes of ceremony.

TELEPHONED TELEGRAMS.—It pays to advertise, and the Post Office appreciating the fact has sent me an alluring little booklet boosting its telephone services. Among other benefits, it advocates the telephoning of telegrams, a service which I have long employed. But only in the last few weeks I have come upon a "catch" which has cost me not a few shillings and which in fairness the authorities should not pass over in silence. If you receive a *reply-paid* telegram, it is in the ordinary course telephoned to you and a confirmation follows next morning with the "reply paid" form. But long before this form is received, you have dictated the answer over the telephone, naturally assuming that your reply is despatched *free* up to twelve words. *Not a bit of it.* The "reply paid" is charged up against you in full unless you "make a claim" with the appropriate form to the appropriate office. I wonder what harvest the P.O. has reaped through public ignorance of this regulation. Sometimes it pays not to advertise.

THE OLD STAGER.



THE LUNGS OF LONDON: Brilliant weather over the week-end, punctuated at times by a low-lying heat haze, brought the largest crowd of the season to Hyde Park, where riders and spectators alike enjoyed the first prolonged sunshine of the year

IN A SURREY BEAUTY SPOT: On the sun-bathed slopes of Boxhill many wished that they had left their coats behind them

FINE WEATHER FROLICS: Unperturbed by the fact that it was still March thousands enjoyed the sunshine of the parks during the week-end, while children, using a tree as their Maypole, welcomed in their own fashion the turning of the year

A LA DIETRICH: A contrast in cycling kit worn by members of the London Ladies' Motor Cycle Club at a trial over the Kent and Surrey hills

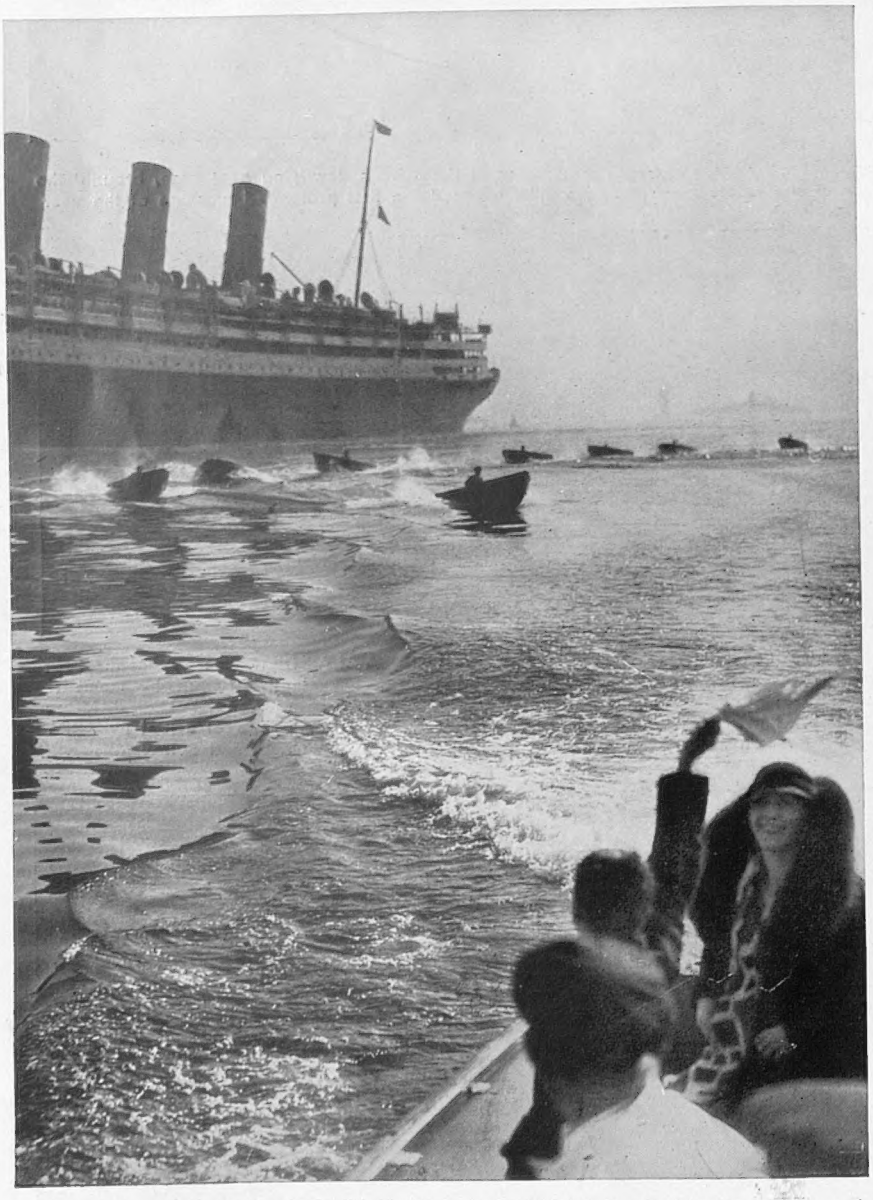
HARBINGERS OF SPRING: A week-end scene at Hampton Court, where many spring flowers are in full bloom, another beauty spot where Londoners took advantage of the weather to enjoy the pleasures of the open air

MARCH DAYS in our

STET FORTUNA DOMUS: Dr. Cyril Norwood, headmaster of Harrow, seen with the School XI and the Old Boys' team on the terrace at Harrow on Founder's Day. The teams enjoyed a hard game of Harrow football, the strange mixture of the Rugby and Soccer codes which the school still adheres to during the Easter term

OVER THE FIRST FENCE AT CHELTENHAM: Mr. W. J. Anstruther-Gray, Conser mount Belle Tol comes down at the first fence in the National Hunt Steeplechase the country. The winner was Colonel Morgan Lindsay's Ego, and the runner-up in last

AN INTENSIVE PREPARATION: With only a short time to go before the 'Varsity Boat practice on the Thames at Henley and Goring. The Cambridge crew are seen afternoon the Cambridge launch was crowded with members of the Oxford crew, rowing from Hartslock Wood to Coombe Park in 1 min.



SPEED BOAT WELCOME FOR BRITAIN'S SPEED KING: Motor launches, tugs, and racing craft of all descriptions came out to welcome Sir Malcolm Campbell, who arrived in the Cunarder *Aquitania*, on his triumphal return from Daytona. Lady Campbell was among those who went down Southampton Water to meet her husband

THE P.M.G.'s FLYING SQUAD: Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, inspects the Motor Cycle Section of the Telegraph Messenger Boys' Service, which has recently been organized by the Post Office as a means of speeding up the delivery of messages

OWN ISLAND

vative M.P. for North Lanarkshire, breaks his collar bone as his at Cheltenham, the most important race for amateur riders in the unlucky Dusty Foot, which also ran second for Mr. Whitney year's event

Race, the Oxford and Cambridge crews are putting in some hard n this picture going all out during a training spin. On Monday who saw their Light Blue rivals accomplish a good piece of work 47 secs. The race is to take place on April 1

FISHERWOMEN CHORISTERS IN BILLINGSGATE: Members of the Scottish Newhaven Fisherwomen's Choir seeing the sights at Billingsgate, the London centre of their industry. They had sung at Caxton Hall, Westminster, the night previously

THE TILTING TEST FOR LONDON'S BUSES: In order to preclude any possibility of top-heaviness in their new models the L.G.O.C. carry out extensive tilting tests. This new type of four-wheeler, built to hold sixty passengers, is loaded with a weight equivalent to a full complement of passengers on top, and the bus is tested by tilting over to the maximum angle

DEFYING THE MUSK RAT IN SCOTLAND: Herr Adam Roith, the Bavarian musk rat expert, demonstrates his method of dealing with the vermin which are appearing in ever-increasing numbers in Scotland. He employs poison gas and traps to catch the rats. Herr Roith is seen here with Mr. R. M. Munro, of the Board of Agriculture, with several of their huge captures

AMERICA'S COURAGEOUS ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Franklin Roosevelt leaves for church after the inauguration ceremony at Washington

THIS TROUB

By EDWARD

A Survey of the World at the Men of Destiny to Looking for Guidance at a Passing, and the Interna Meeting Only

Whither is the harassed world hurrying so wildly in its now frantic efforts to find a solution for its problems? Is it that democracy is dead? Is it that the peoples of the earth have discovered that, sunk in the lethargy of decay, democracy has passed away in its sleep? Is it that nations are now alive to the fact that the world was not safe for a poor old rickety democracy any more than democracy was safe for them? Have the peoples of the earth been rudely awakened from that over-long dream of an International Millennium produced by the anæsthetists of Geneva? It would seem so.

"Beware the Ides of March." How completely lost is the original meaning of those words of destiny! They no longer serve as a warning to aspiring dictators. To-day they are the writing on the wall for academic democrats. "The Ides of March"! Already this month two determined men have done a good deal more than merely flutter the Genevan dovecotes.

In Germany a National Socialist, confirmed in power by Socialist voters, is ruling the old German Empire in the good old German way. Chancellor Hitler can rattle a sabre with the best—or the worst—of the Hohenzollerns; and his "Mailed Fist," backed by his hordes of storm troops, is bludgeoning out opposition. A Socialist teaching Socialism where it "gets off." Hitler knows that what Germany wants is a Man. Well, whatever else Germany may think of him, Germany has got one.

In America a courageous administrator who has fought and conquered paralysis is monarch of all he surveys. Victorious on the Democratic "ticket," Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt has, with an infectious laugh, torn up the "ticket" and tossed the fragments into the faces of the Democrats — and they only laugh with him at the joke. Roosevelt knows that what America wants in her present troubles is a full-sized He-Man.

And East — far East — the monarch of an ancient line has turned an apologetic back upon the "talkies" at Geneva in order to produce, unfettered, a drama of his own. The Emperor Hirohito's grim little troops have kicked the westernised gangsters of various Chinese "governments" out of Manchuria clean over the Great Wall—which, in accordance with the best of Manchu traditions, is where they should be.

In fact, *Welt Politik* is in a welter. So far, everyone has been moderately polite. The Treaty of Versailles? Oh, certainly. In accordance with the letter, the Treaty may—or may not—be intact. In the spirit, rebellious nations have torn it into tatters. No wonder that the Genevists have developed "nerves." They can see dimly what is coming to them in their House of Dreams by the immortal lake. As Mussolini, most successful of post-War dictators, so justly says, the peoples are wearied of talk. Everything which can be discussed has been discussed. They want action. No one wants war. Mussolini will not even admit that we are at peace. With biting emphasis he says that Armistice has lasted for fifteen years, and that we must now make up our minds whether we will make a real peace or fall back into another devastating war.

And it is in this catastrophic frame of mind that men are watching the Conference on Disarmament and are viewing the approach of the World Economic Conference in London next June. Now Disarmament bears on Economics and Economics bear on Disarmament, and it is a pity perhaps that Economics could not have been discussed first. The discussions might have reduced those concerned to a more amenable frame of mind. However, as Disarmament is the order of the day, let us take it first. And small wonder that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon are concerned about the business and employ aeroplanes as up-to-date doves of peace.

GERMANY'S "PETIT CAPORAL": Herr Hitler, orator, Chancellor, and storm troop leader, holds forth to an assembled audience

And at the outset let us face a horribly unpleasant question. *Who are we going to disarm?* For Disarmament, in the practical issue, is a question solely for Great Powers.

Now to-day there are only seven Great Powers in the world — Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, America, Japan, and Soviet Russia. Of these the last three are not in the League. Of what sense, therefore, is it for the Powers in the League to arrange for disarmament among themselves while three Great Powers have obviously no intention of disarming at all?

If there is any one point on which one may believe Russian propaganda, it is that the Soviet is armed to the teeth. The latest films from Moscow show a display of force in guns and men and aircraft which may well give even the most hardened pacifist pause. Japan, sickened with the long slaughter of the civil wars in China, and facing up without fear to the Communist peril which threatens from the north—a situation which has already resulted in hundreds of thousands of square miles of China coming under the sway of the Soviet—has declared brusquely that she cannot disarm and will not disarm.

And while the M.C.C. team, fresh from its leg-theory victories in Australia, starts on its world-cruise home, we might reflect that Japan is mistress of 1,000,000 square miles in the Pacific. The greatest Armada the world has ever seen is now cruising under the Stars and Stripes along the Pacific Coast of the United States. Will America disarm? Not while the Monroe Doctrine runs to Cape Horn and the Philippines. So what is there left? France? Of a certainty France will not disarm. She has seldom been in such a state of fear as she is to-day. Paris appears radiant with lights and motor cars and restaurants and women and jewels. But any *gamin* of the streets can recite for you the armaments of the various nations. It is a fact that they know them better than the multiplication tables.

Eastward across the newly-won frontier she sees the swarming millions of Germany demanding the right to be armed as they should be armed. Southward she sees in Italy a population increasing by leaps and bounds. It is in the knowledge of her own falling birth-rate that France has come to sense her fate.

Italy? Italy is strong as she has not been for centuries; stronger, indeed, than she has ever been since the great days of the temporal power of the Popes and of her Cæsars. She is rich in man power. Mussolini has seen to that. No birth control for him. And if he has mastered the men of his nation, he has equally mastered the women. To him immodesty and immorality in women are as great a danger to the State as treachery in men. The Italian women must be mothers. As a result, he can look without fear across the Adriatic and across the Mediterranean. He has made a nation of Italy as it has never been a nation before.

He is at the moment in a friendly mood towards disarmament—a more friendly mood than he has hitherto evinced. That, like enough, is due to the sudden resurgence of Germany—a Germany determined to burst her bonds and be herself again.

So let us take the case of Germany. Theoretically, Germany is disarmed. But to what extent she may be armed, no one knows. All we know are the numbers of her "Steel Helmets" and the numbers of Herr Hitler's troops; and we know in addition that she claims the right to be armed.

That leaves no one but ourselves. And we, without question, are already disarmed. We are disarmed to an extent beyond which even the Prime Minister himself says we dare not go. The personnel of the British Army has seldom, if ever, within modern times been numerically less.

Japan has forced the long-delayed but obvious ruling that the League cannot make war to enforce peace. The world in general must breathe a sigh of relief for that. No one will deny that the ideal which underlay the League of Nations was not a noble one. There is no time for a prolonged political or psychological analysis of that remarkable body here. But one fact remains beyond dispute—that the determination of the women of the world to secure peace, if they could, sprang straight out of the granting of the suffrage to women here. This dream of peace is as old as Plato—and about as practical. The net result has been a multitude of misunderstandings which make peace seem more and more remote. It is, as Mussolini says, "a catastrophic frame of mind." The very muddle of it has resulted, not in an increased faith in internationalism, but in a suddenly-developed reaction towards nationalism.

LED GLOBE

BRADDEN

the Ides of March and of Whom the People are Time when Democracy is tionalists of Geneva are with Disillusionment

A DECADE OF DICTATORSHIP: In spite of many attempts on his life, Mussolini has stood at the helm of a United Italy for over ten years

We are at a moment's notice faced with a world of nations each seeking out its own way to live. And, in the seeking of it, they are falling back on the old, old and vital search for The Man. It is this which has resulted in the swift drift, born of the past few weeks, towards the idea of dictatorship—dictatorships for all.

It is a curious and a distinctly interesting phase of civilization. In the old days dictatorship was a natural and simple thing. It was just kingship. But Democracy killed kingship, until the inevitable necessity for a central control in the case of Russia resulted in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat in the person of Lenin.

What has got to be faced now is whether dictatorships are what the world needs. It is said that when Napoleon had been finally disposed of at Waterloo Pitt took the map of Europe, over which he had worked for so long and so laboriously and, casting it away from him, said: "Roll it up. We shan't need it for another hundred years."

He was a true prophet. It was just a hundred years afterwards that we had to take it down and study it through the War. And if, as Mussolini says, we are to secure peace after fifteen years of armistice, we must again study it from day to day. Only by the study of that map can we see how the world is going.

Let us take one quick, but by no means all-embracing, glance at it, considering, the while, the governance of the different peoples and keeping in the back of our minds the speculation as to whether dictatorship pays.

Let us take the case of Russia first. Dictatorship there was easy enough to accept there. After all, the Tsars had been nothing but dictators through the centuries. The people of Russia were used to ruthless government. The pale and flabby democracy of Kerensky's republic never had a chance. All that happened was the violent change—amid a sea of blood—of an aristocratic despotism in what was then St. Petersburg to an economic Marxian despotism, wielded in the name of the people by the fanatic Lenin in Moscow.

Lenin lies enshrined like a saint in the Kremlin, and Stalin reigns in his stead. There are "plans" and "plans." They need not concern us. For Russia is, and always has been, and always will be Russia. Russia is neither European nor Asiatic. It is Russia. It is the place where East meets West and yet, paradoxically, never meets at all. If Europeans could only understand this, they would not bother about Russia. They would leave her to herself. Whatever strange system Russia ultimately evolves, it will not be European. It will be merely Russian. And Russia, as all history proves, is inexplicable.

And now we come to those northern kingdoms by the sea—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. All three peoples are used to kingship, and so, although largely Socialistic, they abide peacefully under their kings.

Then we have those queer little buffer States—Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania. They are European; living quietly enough, if somewhat apprehensively, under their respective Presidents. But if the pinch should come, they will turn to Germany.

Austria. Austria, socialist and bankrupt, has said that she "wants to be as she was"—which, of course, she will never be. But make no mistake. Austria is going to be Hitler's own.

Hungary—that's another proposition altogether. It is eighteen years since Admiral Horthy "assumed power." He is "assuming it" still. His war on the Communists was as bloody as any war which they could have waged on him.

And now let us get down to what in pre-War days were known as "the Balkans." There, from the beginning of time, there have always been wars and rumour of wars.

"There will be war in the Balkans in the Spring." You will recall "The Light that Failed." The "Little Entente"—Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia—have unkindly left Tsar Boris of Bulgaria out in the cold. Perhaps his hasn't always been a very nice family. Anyway, he is not having a particularly nice time. But if the Communists turned him out of his palace tomorrow, you would only get another military despot. You cannot wean the Bulgarians from their predilection for dictatorship.

In Rumania, King Carol may not be the ideal monarch; but in spite of his red-haired inamorata he is holding his own with the peasants, the only people who count. And it may be they like red hair. But in any case, why should the incursions and excursions of Madame Lupescu be allowed to disturb the peace of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America? Yet, no doubt, some of the feminists of Geneva would plunge us into Armageddon on account of what the American immigration authorities schedule as "moral turpitude."

King Alexander is fairly happy with his Yugoslavs. But the *pièce de résistance* of the "Little Entente" is, of course, Czechoslovakia. There President Masaryk reigns happy and glorious over a truly enlightened people devoted to peace and progress. His is the patriarchal sway. Even the Czechoslovaks like being ruled sternly and efficiently, if paternally.

Greece. Here is a people who in victory or defeat have soldiering in their blood. And, strange though it may seem, they still mourn their lost monarch. Dictatorships are rather fashionable. Sometimes—as a fortnight ago—they last for a day. But the overwhelming personality of M. Venizelos takes competition of this sort in his stride. His masterly mind governs the Greeks. It is a dictatorship of brains.

Now one cannot mention the Greeks without the Turks. And when it comes to Turkey it has to be admitted that dictatorship is supreme. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has made modern Turkey; and modern Turkey is not to be despised.

Swerving west and north, we come to Spain, where dictatorship failed dismally. The reasons are plain. Here we had, though few recognized it, a repetition of the conditions which resulted in the French Revolution—an academic radicalism pressing up against the power of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the Church. I hold no brief for the injustices which may have been done by the Republican Government. But the Republican Government at least knows how to rule. And the Spaniards take some ruling.

So we circle Europe till we return to the north and we discover Belgium. And it is curious that, amid all the turmoil of to-day, that country, which suffered above all countries during the War, expresses little or no uneasiness through its Press. The Belgians seem to rest, prosperous, quiet and confident, in the shadow cast by the towering figure of their tried and trusted and superb King.

So, after this lightning tour of Europe, we return to Britain. And it must be confessed that we return with the impression that it is Men rather than methods who count. That Dictatorship—or at any rate the Will to Govern, the Will to Act—on the part of individual rulers is a far more important factor in the maintenance of Europe's stability and peace than any high-falutin' ideals on the question of the international brotherhood of man. And where do we stand in this Geneva-fostered theory that through this ideal we can sway the world?

The Irish Free State is clamouring for a republic, and India presents problems unusually difficult of solution, but throughout the rest of the Empire English-speaking people are clearly putting their house in order. The Smuts-Hertzog coalition in South Africa foreshadows a new era of racial understanding; Australia has rejected Lang and Scullin and their advanced creed of Socialism; New Zealand remains a country essentially at peace with all with whom she deals; and Canada faces the world almost unhampered by the trials and troubles of her financially distressed neighbour. But even in an Empire so little disturbed, compared with the rest of the world, by internecine problems, we have still too many vital economic matters to solve, not the least important of which is unemployment, before we have time to interest ourselves in the minor troubles of Europe.

It would be better perhaps, for the present, if our representatives at Geneva realized that world domination in the cause of peace through world brotherhood is not a reality of the near future.

GENEVA FACED WITH THE SINO-JAPANESE *FAIT ACCOMPLI*: Dr. W. W. Yen, the Chinese delegate to the League of Nations at Geneva. The Advisory Committee sat for two days this week

HAMBURG GAINS A NAZI ADMINISTRATION: The vast demonstration held in front of the City Hall at Hamburg, in celebration of the election of the new Nazi Senate. Hamburg voted almost solid for Chancellor Hitler and the National Socialist Party

SIR JOHN SIMON ARRIVES: Britain's Foreign Secretary arrives at the War Ministry, Paris, to confer on Disarmament questions with M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister

MR. MacDONALD on the steps of the War Ministry, Paris. The Prime Minister and Sir John Simon broke their journey to Geneva in order to meet Monsieur Daladier

THE HUMAN TOUCH: Two youthful members of the Nazi Party, seen in Berlin during a march of the German National Socialists Youths' League

PARIS WATCHES THE U.S.A.

The Flight of Homeless Capital, Product of the World Crisis, which, Like a Wandering Refugee, Seeks a Financial Centre Undisturbed by Economic Upheavals where it May Repose in Peace

BY A SPECIAL "SPHERE" COMMISSIONER

PARIS.

"Why has America, the richest country in the world, brimming over with gold, closed all her banks, paralysing her life, social and economic, and virtually abandoned the gold standard? Since we are all told nowadays that the world is economically interdependent, how does America's collapse affect Europe in particular and the rest of the world in general? And France in particular, will she go off the gold standard?"

These are the questions that I have been putting this last week to Government financial officials and to French and American banking and economic experts here in Paris. What follows is a symposium of the answers that I received.

Putting aside for a moment the fundamental causes of the world depression, let us concentrate on one of its results which is behind every major crisis of the past few years—the sudden withdrawal of liquid capital from one country and its precipitate flight into another. Since 1927 tens of thousands of investors the world over have increasingly converted their funds from long term into short term investments. There is, according to my estimate, perhaps £1,000,000,000 of "homeless" short term capital, frightened out of its long term duty of providing the sinews of trade and commerce and now a gilded wandering refugee. Here are rough approximations of some of its typical travels, although it must not be regarded as a cohesive mass moving under a single control.

Vast sums left Vienna during 1930 in anticipation of the collapse of the Credit Anstalt. They arrived in Berlin, say February, 1931, and began to leave in anticipation of the bank suspension of July. Arriving in London in the months preceding June they left for Paris in a hurry owing to fears for the £, which were realized when we abandoned gold in September, 1931. After a short stay in France, fears of an unbalanced budget and increasing tax persecution began to drive them to Zürich at the end of 1931 and in the early months of 1932. They left Zürich for New York about the middle of 1932 for no apparent reason, save greater confidence in the wealth and power behind the dollar.

In recent months the increasing weakness of American banking started the hunted refugee capital off again. But what financial capital city was there left? The French financial situation looks bad, Montreal is hedged with restrictions, and London is off the gold standard. The forces of refugee capital, diminished and disheartened, have been split up, the greater part going back to London, some left in New York, some percolating to Montreal, and a little going to Paris. No banking system can perform its true functions of protecting its depositors and oiling the wheels of industry when the refugee "oil" keeps sumping itself up in great batches in parts of the machinery.

It has been said that the present U.S. crisis is an internal banking collapse and that it does not affect the world directly. This is only partly true. It is the breaking up of one more artificial crust of a bad world economic situation, which should help to liquidate the world depression and get us all started again. During the War all production in the States was tremendously accelerated, because all the allied countries turned to the States for an enormous mass of supplies which they had previously grown or manufactured themselves. An American observer, Huntington Adams, has thus acutely summed up the events leading to the momentous events of last week:

> Following the highly profitable period of the War, and the resulting credit position of the United States, imports into the United States were restricted by additional tariffs, exports were increased from war expanded plants to an outside world less well equipped, and the differences were balanced by American loans and gold.
>
> There resulted a period of industrial prosperity, and a consequent stock exchange boom based on profit balances in the form of foreign paper (and to some extent unutilizable gold).
>
> The boom in stock values finally reached such proportions that the public lost interest in bonds and made it impossible for the bankers to continue foreign lending, the financial procedure on which paper prosperity had been built.
>
> The resulting credit stringency in the borrowing countries which were producers of agricultural products caused a drop in world agricultural prices. This in turn broke the purchasing power of the American agricultural producers, since their principal products are produced in excess of American requirements and are therefore governed by world prices.
>
> This curtailment of internal purchasing power caused the break in the stock market.
>
> The subsequent extension of the crisis has been the downward spiral of reactions to be expected so long as the original causes of the trouble have not been remedied.

One by one, Central Europe, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States have had terrible surgical operations forced on them to get rid of the economic dislocations consequent on war.

France has already liquidated herself once when Poincaré balanced the budget and stabilized the franc, after currency inflation had wiped off four-fifths of the French internal war debt. But she has got herself back into an economic mess, which naturally contributes largely to the world depression.

Protectionism has run mad in France as in the United States. 2,400 different French industries have obtained tariffs on 8,000 articles—most gorgeous example—there are seven tariffs protecting manufacturers of fishing tackle alone! Consequently the internal price level is five times higher than pre-War, and this is an effective damper on prosperity.

Secondly, the French banks are in a serious position. Like all the banks in the world outside Britain, they have tied up their funds in industries instead of letting specialized houses do that kind of investment work. A bank's job is to keep its assets liquid in short term loans; thus the depositor's confidence is retained, because he knows that he can get his cash whenever he wants it.

The French depositor is frightened. Published statistics show that he is steadily drawing out his money to hoard and there have been definite runs on several banks. France now has, a fact unrealized by the general public, its own Reconstruction Finance Corporation—this is none other than the State—which has stepped in time and again to bolster up weak organizations instead of ridding the economic world of them in "survival of the fittest" fashion. Finally, the budget is about to be "balanced" with the help of a loan, and this loan has been hurried on, many observers think, because France would like to place an embargo on the export of gold, which would be in effect a quasi abandonment of the gold standard. If she did so now it would be a public admission of a flight from the franc and the raising of the loan would be difficult or impossible. The American liquidation must force a new liquidation on France in the next few weeks, unless she takes steps to put her political and economic house in order, but politicians always seem to prefer surgical cures after the eleventh hour has ticked its relentless way to the last second rather than common-sense stitches in time.

This flight of the franc takes us back to the question of world refugee capital. Until world confidence has been re-established by the final liquidation of what can be conveniently summed up as the dislocation of markets following on the War, plus the absurd trade barriers to international commerce, refugee capital, which is a nuisance to every country, should be dealt with—as it now is in Germany—by restrictions on purely speculative movements of funds. The buying and selling of monetary gold should be solely a function of central banking authorities.

Is this American collapse the end of the world we have known? On the contrary, replied the authorities to whom I put this question, it opens up the possibility of reorganizing the economic structure of the world through the World Economic Conference. We are all sick and tired of conferences, but I have hopes of this one, because there is now a world-wide realization of the economic errors committed since the War. The authorities the world over—I refer more especially to the Americans and the French—have been jolted, by ever-increasing collapses, depression, and unemployment, into the realization that super trade barriers must be removed. Even in France there is a definite desire for downward revision of tariffs, expressed by the Chairman of the Chamber Tariff Commission himself, and the victory of the Democrats in the States is another step towards tariff revision.

Of course, no single World Economic Conference can settle once and for ever all the problems that admittedly threaten civilization. Still, with super-protection in America and Europe reduced to reasonable levels, which now seems possible, a tremendous fillip will be given to recovery. If war debts and reparations can be wiped completely off the slate, another obstacle will be overcome, and this also is more likely than ever before. If the exchanges can be held steady without excessive restrictions, an enormous volume of refugee capital, weary of wandering over the financial map, will again seek long-term habitations. Behind the worst nationalist excesses of political Europe is the sting of economic misery and despair. The best security guarantee for Europe and the world is the revival of trade, and the way to revival is daily becoming clearer.

EXPLORATION IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

AT THE FOOT OF THE RUWENZORI AND THE FABLED MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON: The seventh of a chain of eight great lakes discovered recently in the Nyamgasani Valley. This district, situated amongst almost untrodden forests and great tracts of elephant grass, is the "Fons Nilus" of the ancients, and contains the ranges which were known to the Egyptians of Ptolemy's day (A.D. 150) as the Mountains of the Moon. The highest peak in the district, 16,798 ft., is now identified as Ruwenzori and lies some 15 miles north of the Equator

Above—IN THE MASSIF: The Abysmal Lake, so named by Egyptian writers, between the Emin and Gessi peaks referred to by Herodotus as Mophi and Crophi. *Left*—The makere plant which grows in the massif at a height of about 12,500 ft.

PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED: A lake in the valley of the Bukurungu, a district of equatorial Africa near the source of the Nile only recently charted with any accuracy. *Below-right*—The source of the Ruamuli, the traditional "Fons Nilus" of the ancients

The origin of the White Nile in the Great Lakes and a snow-capped massif on the Equator was made known to the world by Ptolemy in A.D. 150. The peaks of this massif were known to the ancients as the Moon Mountains though an even earlier reference to the massif, by Aristotle in about 350 B.C., is as the Silver Mountain. The earliest known reference to the mountains is by Herodotus who, visiting Egypt in 457 B.C., found the tradition that a source of the Nile was from a spring fed by a bottomless lake between twin sharp-pointed peaks called Mophi and Crophi.

In 1888 the mountains were rediscovered by Stanley and named Ruwenzori, a misconception of a local native name, Ruwenjura, meaning Rain-Mountain. The snow peaks in the centre of the massif were explored by the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1906, but the areas north and south of the snows were left unexplored.

Dr. Noel Humphreys' explorations last year started with aeroplane flights over the mountains, during which flights some thirty previously unknown lakes were discovered, and it was seen that the River Lamia rose some eight miles from the position shown on maps as its source. This discovery has a possible bearing on the international boundary which is partly defined by the source of this river. Should its true source be taken instead of its assumed source, all Mount Gessi and most of Mount Speke would be transferred from Uganda to the Belgian Congo.

Dr. Humphreys' subsequent expeditions on foot last year were primarily for the collection of seeds and plants of horticultural value. During these expeditions the upper waters of the Bukurungu, Mahoma, Kurugutu, Namwamba, Nyamgasani, Mugusu, Lamia, and Ruamuli rivers were explored, and some twenty of the thirty lakes discovered from the air were mapped.

The most interesting geographical result of these expeditions is the identification of the topographic features described by Herodotus; Emin and Gessi being the Mophi and Crophi of the ancients, the lake between them being Abysmal Lake, and the source of the Ruamuli in a spring fed by the waters of the lake being the traditional Fountain of the Nile.

CAPTURED: Gun-runners on the Dasht-I-Starr coast on the Persian Gulf under armed guard aboard a British examination vessel

EVERYBODY IS GUN-RUNNING NOW

Throughout the World the Wherewithal to Kill is in the Keenest Demand; the One Line of Business that is Not Hit by the Depression, but which is Actually Booming

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"Gun-running in the Persian Gulf." That takes one back a year or two. Time was when that was about the only form of gun-running one heard of. Oh—and, indiscriminately, in the direction of South American revolutions. There is an American citizen in retirement in Europe who made his all by supplying both sides in one revolution. In 1914, fleetingly there came the illicit supplying of Ulster, and just before the end—I mean of that other world—was not a hush vessel sailing between Hamburg and the South taken off the Irish coast?

What other gun-running was there then? Perhaps a little to the Moors, to China and the East generally; but not much else that comes readily to mind. All was above board in the armament firmament. One *could*. There were next to no restrictions, except for the Medes and Persians and such. Krupps, Vickers, Armstrong, Putiloff, Skoda, Creusot, Bethlehem, Terni—each and all could ship criss-cross and any old how and to their dividends' content. One charming sequel (which will be repeated with interest in any next war) being that British-made shells were directed on British troops, and French ditto, and others moreover and likewise. But the point here is that there existed small cause in those days for consignments under the rose.

Then high heaven ruled for four years for all who made things with which to kill. And then ensued a radical falling away. For several years following the "cease fire" armament firms, poor things, had to lump a slump, the biggest they had ever known. When Abd-el-Krim gave a gleam of hope in 1925 they fairly fell on him. You might say the wretched lack of trade, due to reaction and stupid new faith and commissions of control and "pacifism," and what not, endured up to about 1931.

But since then, heigh-ho! From China to Peru—just so—the wherewithal to kill is in keenest demand: they are arming one another gaily now: almost the one line that is not only not hit but booming. The concurrent Disarmament Conference has been a kind of prolonged appetizer cocktail, keeping the notion of *arms* in the forefront of men's minds. Hurry along with them!

Nevertheless, it isn't the same as 1914. This new arming can't all be done above board. We know why. The Persians and Irish and Moors of yesteryear, who had *verboten* to contend with, have, through the treaties, expanded into a large proportion of the peoples of the earth. Officially, rifles, revolvers, automatics, machine-guns, mortars, artillery, tanks, warplanes, gas, flame-throwers, bombs, dynamite, powder, acid, the complete catalogue of killing, A to Z, Z standing for Zeiss lenses, officially in admirable 1933 such paraphernalia of destruction is barred from a notable percentage of the nations chinwagging at Geneva. And hence the new-style gun-running, on the grand scale and on the small scale; and to the accompaniment of such monstrous winking by others, officially there to enforce treaty *verbotens*, as must make the gods loll back with laughter holding all their sides. Here in Geneva I am in the midst of it—not the laughter, but the winking. A case in point:

We forbid Germany to sell—and buy from her. We forbid Germany to buy—and sell to her.

The Reich exported arms and ammunitions to the tune of £1,750,000 in 1930 and, I am told, certainly much more last year. All is unauthorized, that is to say, comes under the heading of gun-running, A.D. 1933. The Stolzenberg firm sends out jolly little sample boxes of poison gas and flame-thrower stuff. This alone marks the extended ramifications of "gun-running" *now* as compared with *then*. No such thing as a clandestine chemical order existed in 1914.

This subject came into the limelight through the Hirtenberg affair. That was good old gun-running of the pre-War variety. Mussolini has long been trying to help his friends suffering under *verboten:* Hungarians, Austrian Heimwehr, Bulgarians. This time he was caught in the act. Everybody's palm having been greased *en route*—including 150,000 schillinge to the Austrian railwaymen — 50,000 late-war rifles and 200 machine-guns were dispatched to distressed Steyhr for reconditioning, after which they were to be Budapest-bound. One understands the consignment (reminiscent of the St. Gotthard discovery of several years ago) is to be sent back to the Cortesi firm at Brescia. One understands so.

This Roman set-back brings one directly to a second manifestation, legitimate, says one group, not so says another. The Italian Press (read, on "Intelligence" information) prints the following:—

> From January 1 to November 1, 1931, Yugoslavia received from Czechoslovakia 271 pieces of artillery, including 21 heavies, 70 wagon-loads of munitions, 12 tanks, 12 armoured cars. France sent 15 tanks, 20 heavies, several thousand air-bombs, and, via the Danube, 570,000 shells. From Salonika she forwarded a large quantity of high explosives, 250 cases of aerial and artillery instruments. Through Rumania she sent 2 wagons of bomb-slingers.
>
> Rumania is not being so well looked after, from financial causes, but received from Czechoslovakia in the same period 22,000 automatic rifles, 27,000,000 cartridges, 45 wagon-loads of various munitions, 22 A.A. guns. France would only contribute 22 A.A. machine-guns. Still, during the arms truce, Rumania managed further to come by tanks and 6-inch guns from England and France respectively, 15 pursuit 'planes from Poland, and 70 thirty-millimetre infantry pieces from the same source.
>
> From 1929 to 1932 Czechoslovakia has supplied Jugoslavia with 3,000 machine guns, 660 pieces of artillery, and 500 wagon-loads of munitions and explosives.
>
> All this has passed across Austria by treaty force.

To reverse the tale, the well-informed *Echo de Paris* says that Italy has also sent forty-eight air-bombers and fighters to Hungary and 195 tons of asphyxiating gas (weight includes bottling). The 'planes fly over almost out of sight, and this summons up something quite new: air-running. The assertion is that Italy has been steadily plying her revisionist friends with the more portable war requisites by air.

Turn to a different aspect: wangling. This is very popular in certain quarters. It isn't chucking rifles into ships' bottoms as of yore, yet is gun-running no less for that.

"You would be surprised," it was explained to me, "the amount of hunting, sport, and self-defence that goes on in Europe, and out of it, at the present time. You see, certain nations are only allowed to export arms, powder, and so on under those heads . . . and, well, they do it . . . I can assure you they do."

"But is there no check?"

My informant wearily shook his head. "No proper check is possible. For one thing, there's such a variety of methods in compiling the returns asked for. Some say such-and-such a thing is for sport. Others put it down as war material. Some give detailed returns—pistols, dynamite, powder, the whole gamut, one by one. Others just produce a general classification, 'artillery,' 'explosives.' Again the Customs systems vary so that this given article can be slipped through here where it is on the black list there. And think of the camouflage that can be resorted to. Any amount of stuff is run over frontiers as 'fireworks.' It also travels as 'machine parts,' 'farm implements,' and even as 'pianos.' As for trying to check chemicals in transit — whether for industry or for war—utterly out of the question! In more than one country licensees refuse information point-blank."

"They just deliver what they choose?"

"More or less. Take the deluge on the Far East at the present time. Do you think that Government embargoes will stop things? 'Unofficial' vessels would swarm to Japan! As they are clustering round Bolivia and Paraguay—though, of course, in far lesser degree—and will continue to cluster no matter what the League decrees."

"You are hardly reassuring."

"It's hopeless. Licences are a joke. The one and only thing is to stop the private manufacture and sale of arms. After all, the fellows are human. Wouldn't you sell if you could, with every other industry in a slump?"

From the wangle, at which Germany and Holland are the adepts, one returns to open gun-running in the case of the Soviet in relation to Catalonia and Spain and, perhaps, also to India and Ireland. Destroyers patrol the Irish coast. Nor is Germany above suspicion here. The truth is that half the time firms don't know and don't care where consignments are heading. That's the transit merchant's pidgin. A wagon load of crates and cases containing harmless-looking metal much as may be seen at any agricultural show passes the Customs, and that is one aspect of contemporary gun-running.

This disturbing recital would be incomplete without mention of the surreptitious arming of the Nazis—by gallant little Belgium! Not long since, in Brussels, I learnt about this particularly crazy gun-running so near home. M. Hymans says he is trying to do something about it now, yet may it not be too late? A million young Hitlerian fists clinch pistols in the Third Reich to-day, and how many of those weapons have emanated from what would be otherwise semi-stagnant Liége one would not care to say. Here you get this business at its crudest: Liége industrialists arming the fist that would take back Eupen and Malmédy hard by. You cannot beat that. (And yet, it creates work!)

The Belgo–Dutch–German frontier is the smuggling cross-roads of Western Europe and the traffic in arms looms largely. There is actually a sort of Bourse in Brussels where prices are quoted in dollars, chiefly for automatic rifles and revolvers. I was told the price of the former is around 150 dollars. Liége is so identified with cycles, machinery, detached pieces, that it can dispatch anything—and does. Two roads lie open: towards Rotterdam via Campine, and into Dutch Limburg passing near Maeseyk. The latter is most in use—florins freely greasing motor car or even lorry passage—and then depots are made in Limburg pending the further journey into Germany. In the past this was difficult enough, because the weapons might be going to "Marxists" and Reichsbanner as well as to Nazis, and therefore several separate defence lines existed. But they are all Nazis now—the Customs and frontier police—and so the private arms trade of Belgium can carry on: if one day Belgium should rue the day it did so.

INSTRUMENTS OF WAR: A war-time scene in a French munitions factory. Comparative peace in Europe may have lessened the output of shells, but their manufacture for political purposes still continues on an extensive scale

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

KENYA'S MUSHROOM GOLD TOWN: Memories of the early days of Johannesburg, Kalgoorlie, and Ballarat are recalled by the rapid rise of Kakamega in Kenya Colony, which in only a few months has doubled its population many times over as the result of gold finds in its vicinity. The town is the seat of administration of the North Kavirondo district and the centre of the Kenya goldfields, where there has been considerable dispute of late over native rights in relation to the claims

BUDDING CHEVALIERS: In an effort to discover new talent for France's film industry, directors of French organizations held a competition at the Opera House, Paris. The three finalists in the men's competition are seen parading before the judges. In the centre is Monsieur Adam, the winner. A similar competition was held for prospective women "stars"

ITALIAN ROYALTY VISITS EGYPT: King Victor Emmanuel lays the foundation stone of a new wing of the Italian hospital in Cairo during his state visit to Egypt. Our illustration shows the King and Queen watching the ceremony from the official dais

CREATING GOODWILL IN TROUBLED INDIA: The 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles marching through Midnapur, one of the troubled areas of Bengal, India. As can be seen from the smiling faces of the natives the troops, by their exemplary behaviour, have made themselves very popular with the Bengali people. The town of Midnapur is noted for its college and its extensive indigo and silk industry

AN OLD BELGIAN CUSTOM: Ladling out wine during the annual festival of the "Krakelingen" at Grammont, where it is the custom of the townspeople, accompanied by the burgomaster and other local dignitaries, to go to the summit of a nearby hill and there take glasses of wine and pieces of hard bread

BULL RACING IN MADURA

URGING THEIR FRANTIC STEEDS: A view of the course at Karapan, where Madura's Bull Derby, one of the most important sporting events in the Dutch East Indies, takes place

IN FULL DRESS: The bull-yokes parade before the spectators prior to the race. Heavy wagers are laid on the event. *Right*—Another view of the race as the animals approach the post

THE SADDLING ENCLOSURE: The bulls are magnificently turned out for the parade, and the harness glitters with sparkling metal plates and embroideries of gold thread. Their horns are decorated with high flags or embroidered "umbrellas." These, however, are removed before the start of the race in order to allow the animals greater ease of movement

An East Indies Bull Derby

Every five years the little island of Madura, a few miles north of the Java coast, is the scene of one of the most exciting and colourful racing events in the world. For the place of the bull-fight in Spain, football in Britain, and baseball in America is occupied by steer racing in the East Indies, and it is every five years that teams from all the districts come together to compete for the winner's "palm." Amid scenes of intense excitement the race is held before a brilliant gathering of native potentates, Dutch officials and their guests, and many thousands of natives, all imbued with the gambling spirit and intent on finding the winner of the year's most important event. As the jockeys sway to and fro, urging their animals frantically, and the onlookers yell and whistle madly for their choice, it is impossible not to become merged in the general enthusiasm. Added to all is the spice of danger, for the animals frequently break through the barriers, scattering the onlookers in every direction. The winning jockey is fêted as a hero, and his skill and his daring are always richly rewarded. Java offers no more colourful or thrilling sight than her steer racing. It is part and parcel of the national life of a Dutch outpost of empire

UNEARTHING the TEMPLE of VENUS GENETRIX

THE BEAUTIFUL CUPID FRIEZE IN THE FORUM: The remarkable frieze recently brought to light during the unearthing of the Temple of Venus Genetrix in Rome, one of the city's most elaborate shrines. The temple was built in 48 and 46 B.C. by Julius Cæsar and dedicated to Venus from whom he claimed descent. The frieze represents seven cupids carrying arms and vases. Until the new excavations began only the massive enclosing wall of tufa and travertine could be observed

MURAL DECORATION IN THE TEMPLE: Built at a period when Rome had reached the zenith of her power, her mastery of the known portion of the world almost assured, the Temple of Venus reflects the growing enthusiasm of her imperial rulers for the beautiful, and the cultivation of the arts of peace side by side with those of war. The temple stood in the centre of the Forum Julium

AT WORK ON THE SHRINE: Another view of the excavations now in progress where many fine pieces of statuary and decoration have been unearthed. Although the specially trained workmen use ordinary picks and shovels it is seldom that they destroy anything of real value

FOUNDATIONS OF THE TEMPLE: Sections of columns and portions of friezes which have emerged during the excavations of the Temple of Venus. Among the many statues contained in the shrine is one of Venus decorated with a breastplate of pearls brought from Britain which Cæsar had conquered a decade previously. Venus was worshipped by the Romans as Dea Genetrix, and was regarded as the mother of the race and the tutelary goddess of the city of Rome

THROUGH THE YANGTSE

AN ORIENTAL PALANQUIN: Lady Drummond-Hay visits places of interest in Chungking in the sedan chair commonly used for transport in Western China. The chair is usually borne by two Chinese with a third man to relieve them at intervals

SPIRITUAL GUARDIAN OF CHINA'S COMMERCIAL WATERWAY: A Buddhist temple overlooking the Yangtse, one of the many picturesque monuments on the banks of the great river. The temple is accessible by means of a stairway running up the pagoda

STERN WATCHFULNESS: One of Liu Hsiang's young soldiers keeps watch outside a General's house. With his gun ready cocked he is prepared to shoot on the slightest provocation

THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE: The British Consul at Chungking, and his wife, Mrs. Stark Toller. The city being one of the leading exporting centres of Western China, and the terminus of the navigable portion of the Yangtse, several European nations have their consuls here

THE DEEP, SUNLESS GORGES OF THE YANGTSE: An impression of the Wushan Gorge taken while flying at 90 miles per hour. The river has a depth of over 100 ft. at low water, and nearly 200 ft. in times of flood, when, cramped by its rocky walls, it races along at over 10 miles per hour

Lady Drummond-Hay Con Yangtse, Flying Through the above Ichang to her Des of the Province

The Yangtse gorges, incomparable in majesty and fantasy, are amongst the most glorious scenic wonders of the world, and amongst the least known. Even to-day, when steamboats ply the river through the gorges between Ichang and Chungking, the journey can be thrilling enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit. This stretch of the Upper Yangtse is one of the most dangerous inland waterways in the world. In 1929, for instance, there were sixty-seven steamers on the river, and forty-seven casualties. Aside from the dangers of Nature in her most treacherous moods, rapids, shoals, and hidden rocks, bandits on the shores and pirates on the water constitute a steady menace to travellers.

Comparatively few residents in China, much less the visitors, penetrate inland. They leave that to the missionaries, or to those business people who represent their firms in out-of-the-way Chinese towns.

When I told my friends in Shanghai that I meant to see the gorges, they all declared that was just what they had been meaning to do for the last umpteen years, but somehow never got around to it. I discovered eventually that I was the first woman to fly through to Chungking after all.

The Yangtse River is 3,200 miles long, navigable for 1,630 miles, drains approximately 750,000 square miles, or more than one-third of China proper, and is the main artery of communication for 180,000,000 people, whose only means of transport is by junk or sampan on the river and its tributaries, or sedan chair and wheelbarrow along paths, for they know neither roads nor railways. At high level the Yangtse rises from 50 to 100 ft., sometimes 150 ft., and the record high-water level of 275 ft. was pointed out to me by the captain of the steamer in which I made the down trip.

You have only to imagine that fierce volume of water, tinged ruddy by soil in solution, hurtling down a cañon of 1,000 ft. sheer precipice, overshadowed by second ranges from 4,000 to 6,000 ft. high, to have some idea what the Yangtse gorges mean. You have only to hear such names as the Yellow Cat Gorge, Old Dragon Cave, Ox-liver Gorge, Pure Jade Cave, Horse-lung Gorge, Buffalo Mouth Rapid, Witches' Gorge, Wind Box Gorge, Town of the Clouded Sun, Temple of the Ethereal Bell of a Thousand Ages, to guess at the romance and legends immortalized in its river-lore. The Golden River, or River of Golden Sand as the Yangtse is called, rises 16,000 ft. above sea-level in the Central Asian mountains, descending in torrents, rapids, and floods to the Pacific Ocean.

Officers of the American gunboat *Oahu*, at Ichang, who had offered me such welcome hospitality aboard ship, told me that the "Flyer of the Yangtse Gorges," as fearless Pilot Charles Sloane Vaughn is known, would climb the 'plane to several thousand feet and fly above the gorges.

"The gorges will look like the cleft of a giant's hatchet right through the mountain ranges," they said. "It only shows what a fierce river the Yangtse is, to have cut its way between solid rock in places 1,000 ft. deep."

But I had other ideas about flying the gorges, and asked the intrepid flyer if we could not fly *through* them, between the precipices, low enough to get a picture of their immensity.

"I have done it," he replied. "It is a risky proposition, and I must admit that I am not very keen on it. The gorges wind and twist so erratically that every bend looks like a cul-de-sac, and flying at 90 miles an hour, it's a nerve-racking job. But I'll do it for you, if you really want a thrill."

Thrill it was. The flyer not only kept well inside the gloomy chasms but at times seemed almost to skim the water. Often we were flying at 30 ft. above the river, and sometimes less, scaring the crews and passengers of junks as we just cleared their craft. Pilot Vaughn flew the 'plane standing, his heels on the floor, toes on the rudder bars, head and shoulders well above the wind-screen, and once in for it he concentrated whole-heartedly on the sport.

It is not often that you get a chance to register the sensation of speed in the air, because there is nothing to measure by, except in the rare instances of a passing aeroplane. Even at 120 m.p.h. the ground below unrolls in a leisurely panorama, but at 90 m.p.h. between the walls of a gorge it is a breathless excitement all the time. At every turn of the cañons you think you are going to crash headlong against the cliffs in front.

We landed at Wanhsien with mails. Wanhsien, the Myriad City, is remarkable for unusually tall houses, some five storeys high, and important as a centre for tung oil, that is, Chinese wood-oil.

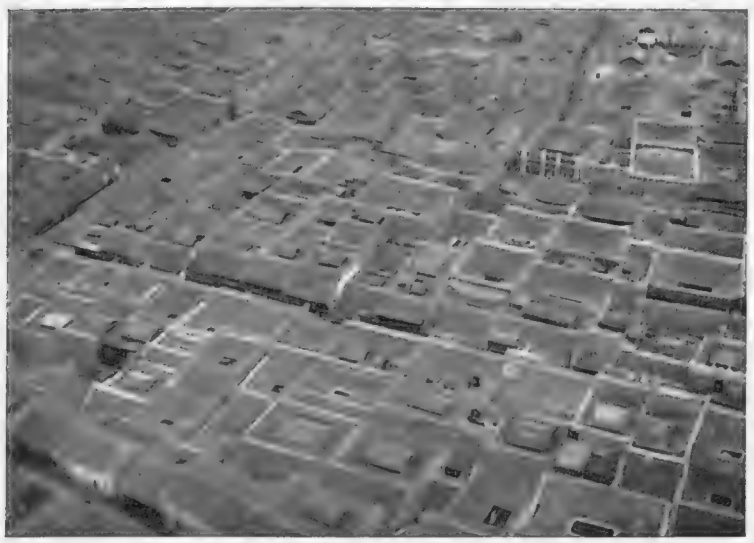
From Wanhsien to Chungking the river was broader, the country very fertile, and the banks scattered with towns and villages. Süchwan Province is the great opium-poppy area, and I saw vast areas of beautiful poppies in flower. From the river-level of a steamboat I would never have guessed that so much opium-poppy is grown, but over the extensive horizon which several hundred feet altitude afforded me I could see for miles and miles on both sides. While nobody knows exactly how much opium is grown and exported from Süchwan Province, it is freely stated that the income of Liu Hsiang, war lord of Chungking, from opium exceeds 1,000,000 Chinese dollars a *month!*

We flew close up to Precious Stone Castle, a Buddhist Temple, accessible by means of a staircase running up a pagoda on the side. Legend has it that once upon a time a rivulet of rice springing miraculously from a cleft in the rock supplied the monks' daily needs. Wishing to increase the heaven-sent supply, one of the monks enlarged the hole, whereupon the bounty ceased forever.

At Tien-yse-shan, or the Mount of Heaven, I wanted to stop and get a passport to Heaven, but the flyer was in a hurry. I suppose this is about the only place in the world where you can get a passport to the celestial regions for the modest sum of one Chinese dollar. The documents really exist, and can be bought by anyone who halts at this out-of-the-way place. They are stamped by the emperor archpriest and the local mandarin, and for some reason or other are not valid without the sign of the seven stars of the "Great Bear." A little farther up is the Temple of the Emperor of Hades and the Heartless Stone.

Every few miles of the Yangtse represents some temple, stone, ravine or rock immortalized in folk-lore. The great Yellow River, according to the Chinese, is alive with spirits and fairies and devils. Just before we reached Chungking, Mr. Vaughn

GORGES to CHUNGKING (II)



THE MEDIEVAL CAPITAL OF WESTERN CHINA: Chungking, the famous river port of China, seen from the air. The city lies 832 miles above Hankow and stands on a rocky promontory at the confluence of the Kialing with the Yangtse. Chungking has a population of nearly 250,000, and with its suburbs there are very nearly a million inhabitants

ABOVE THE RIVER: The 100 ft. wall surrounding Chungking has seventeen gates and hundreds of steps lead from the rivers Yangtse and Kialing to the city, up which the water carriers have to bring their heavy burdens—a picture obtained at considerable risk

tinues Her Journey up the Deep Gorges of the River tination at Chungking, Port of Süchwan

pointed out to me the Great Buddha, where all the Yangtse boatmen stop to give thanks for a successful trip before entering port.

Chungking has nearly a million population, and stands on a hill which slopes back to 700 or 800 ft. The city wall is 100 ft. high, with seventeen gates. Here the Yangtse rises 100 ft. at high-water level, and at low-level hundreds of frail bamboo houses are suspended on the exposed wall, like so many bird-cages, constituting a temporary residential quarter for thousands of coolies and river-folk. When the river rises, they dismantle their houses and go elsewhere.

The shore at low water is the refuse heap of the city. Chungking is the dirtiest and smelliest city in China. There are no landing places, no drainage, and no water supply. Between 15,000 and 20,000 coolies are constantly employed to carry water to the city in two buckets attached to a pole which they sling on their shoulders. Great flights of steps from the city gates to the water are constantly wet and slimy. I walked up and down them only when I wanted to take photographs, to explore the surroundings; at other times I let my chair coolies wrestle with the precarious footing.

The streets of Chungking, except for one new street, are all too narrow for anything but walking or sedan chairs. A chair and three coolies only costs 1s. 6d. a day, and for that they carried me hours and hours each day, over mountains on the other side of the river, down valleys, along precipices and steep mountain tracks. Servants cost about 2s. a week in Chungking, from which they pay their taxes and maintain a family. A man earning 10s. a week is thoroughly well off and dresses in silk.

Of course there is no hotel in Chungking, and I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer of the Standard Oil Company, who had a delightful house on top of the first range of mountains on the river opposite to Chungking City. This place was called Chin Shui Chi, "Clear Water Falls," and it used to take me an hour or more by chair to get up or down the mountain. A trip to Chungking was a long job, involving the chair journey to the shore, sampan trip across the river, and more chair travel (I took coolies and chair with me in the sampan) up the hundreds of steps to the city gate and through the narrow streets of the town.

The European men of Chungking never allowed me to go about unescorted by one of them, and I thought it such an unnecessary precaution, until one day I made the journey back from Chungking to the Clear Water Falls with another European woman. At the gates of Chungking, our chairs, and even our handbags were searched, ourselves subjected to great personal annoyance, and the Chinese soldiers ran back, to advance upon us with bayonets, just to see what we would do, I suppose. There was nothing to do, except scowl at them, which we both did very grimly. My friend told me she always had similar trouble when she was obliged to go about unescorted. I found that the Chungking Chinese are not easy to get on with. When I was taking photographs for instance, they would regularly go through three phases. First merely curious, then aggressively inquisitive when they would try to snatch the cameras from my hands, and thirdly, really hostile. So I learned to make the most of the first few minutes, and to hop back into my chair before the gathering crowd of spectators became unmanageable.

The foreign business agencies have their offices in Chungking, but only the foreign consuls and a few missionaries live there. Everyone else has a house on the mountains opposite. Mr. and Mrs. Stark Toller, the British Consul and his wife, frequently invited me, both to the Consulate in the city and to their country house on the second range of mountains—a long ride over glorious country.

Those chair-rides remain my happiest memories of Süchwan Province. Not always exactly comfortable or reassuring, as the coolies would pick their way along mountain paths fit only for chamois or mountain goats. Sheer drops of hundreds of feet right below, roaring waterfalls, chasms, a false step would hurl you into eternity. The chair coolies are marvellous, but somehow when one has been told that 70 per cent. are opium addicts confidence can become shaky with the shaking, swaying chair.

There are between thirty and forty foreigners in Chungking—British, Americans, French, Germans, Russians, and Japanese. That does not include the missionaries and the gunboat crews. The foreigners have a club with two billiard tables, two tennis courts, and a small library. There they meet, hold tea-parties, and dance a great deal. Such night-life as there is centres in the club, and lively parties are the order of the night. The gunboats also give occasional parties. There are no cinemas or theatres, and home entertaining is mostly to tea or luncheon when the guests can ride to the party. Letters and newspapers take at least three weeks to come up river from Shanghai, unless sent by air-mail, and that is too expensive for any but urgent matter.

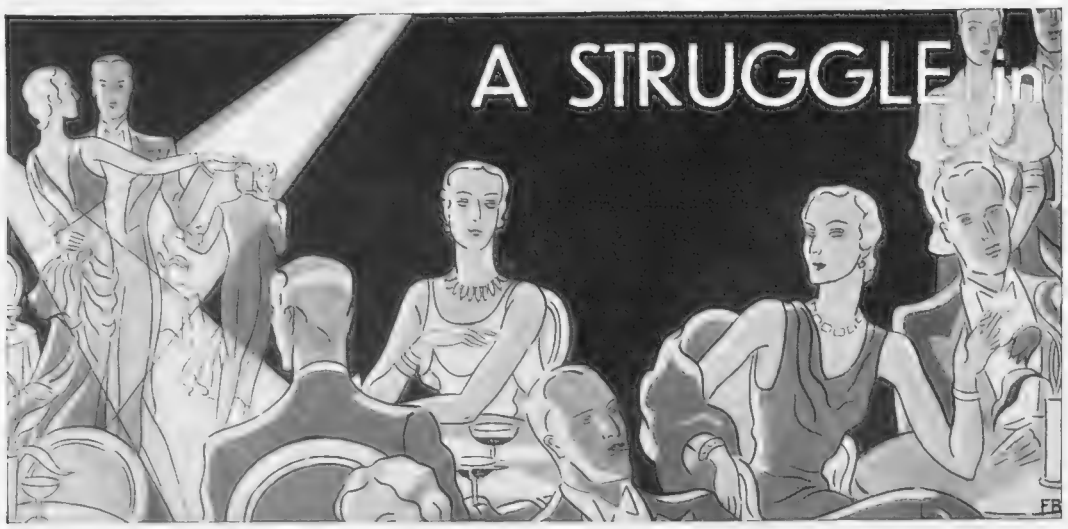
The river between Chungking and Ichang is infested by pirates and bandits, so that anyone going on leave embarks on a real adventure. The British, Americans, and French keep gunboats on the river off Chungking, which gives the foreigners a feeling of security, for the Chinese there are not exactly friendly. But I found the foreigners making the best of life, cheerfully and determinedly, and I had a wonderfully jolly time in this primitive Yangtse port. One of the most eerie experiences is riding home from a late party in a sedan chair, over those same precarious mountain paths, with only a flickering lamp to light the coolies' footsteps. Nothing but the stars, and perhaps the moon, to lighten the dense blackness. Silently the coolies pad, pad, pad along the winding paths, through the foothills literally covered with the graves of thousands of years. The mounds rise like welts and blisters, as far as eye can see. Chungking is one of the oldest cemeteries in China.

While I was there I paid a visit to Marshal Liu Hsiang, the most powerful war lord in Western China. He received me in his military headquarters. We had a pleasant chat, especially about aviation. Liu Hsiang has the largest air force of any war lord west of Hankow. It consists of nineteen 'planes. He also has a river navy of three gunboats. It was much commented upon to me that this powerful and wealthy war lord had but one wife, most of his Generals boasted five or more.

THE MYRIAD CITY: Houses on the water front of the Yangtse at Wanhsien, an important centre of tung oil, situated some 150 miles from Chungking, where the river changes its course from north-east to east. Since 1887 it has been the seat of a station of the China Inland Mission

AT ANKING: Although aircraft is employed quite extensively on the Yangtse the appearance of a mail 'plane and its landing on the river provide a never failing source of interest to the crowds of Chinese who come to watch its descent

TRANSPORT IN CHINA: Lady Drummond-Hay visits a Chinese tomb in Süchwan in a sedan chair. Although 70 per cent. of the carriers in this district are said to be opium addicts, they negotiate the most precipitous paths with amazing agility



LONDON SUPS

Drawn by Freda Baird

the WEST END

In a World of Controlled Gaiety which, for its Efficiency, is the Envy of Restaurateurs of Every Nation

By CHARLES GRAVES

Watched absorbedly and a trifle self-consciously by the Upper Eight Thousand who are themselves the pawns in the game, a war is being waged this minute between Mayfair's, in fact the world's, two leading dance clubs, the Embassy and Ciro's. Thousands of pounds depend upon the result—not to mention the price of the shares of the Embassy Club which are on the Stock Exchange. (Ciro's is a private company the losses, if any, of which are guaranteed by a prosperous West End bookmaker.)

Here I propose to give a dispassionate account of the thrust and counter-thrust of the two clubs which culminated last week in the presentation of Joseph Wagstaffe, the leading supper-time entertainer of New York, as the first cabaret turn for four years at the Embassy Club, and which may be followed up by a new £3,000 decoration scheme also at the Embassy Club.

The feud dates back for more than a decade. Luigi, the most successful head waiter London has ever had, used to be the *maître d'hôtel* at Ciro's during the war. A trifling incident with the authorities during this ticklish period resulted in Ciro's being transformed into a Y.M.C.A. centre and Luigi moved to the Criterion. I may say that Ciro's was originally a swimming bath. In 1921 Luigi bought the Four Hundred Club in Bond Street, called it the Embassy, and at once turned it into a success. Shortly afterwards Rizzi became the *maître d'hôtel* of Ciro's-and had a considerable success. He left, however, to start the Ambassadors' Club, and was soon killed in an aeroplane smash. His vacant throne at Ciro's was filled by Ferraro, who later on was joined by Louis, the strongest restaurant manager in the world (he can tear a pack of cards in half). For six or seven years the Embassy seemed to have everything its own way, thanks to Luigi's unique personality. Not everyone liked him, but nobody felt inclined to stay away. Still the luncheon business at Ciro's was probably more substantial than that at the Embassy. For Ciro's became a great haunt for big business men, and such people are more inclined to buy a bottle of burgundy (bought at 50 per cent. of the selling price) than the almost exclusively feminine clientele of the Embassy. At dinner, too, there were more bachelor parties at Ciro's than at its rival's. But the two dozen show cases, rented at anything from £200 a year to £500 a year at the Embassy, together with the enormous income from the members' subscriptions, were a notable financial factor in the Embassy's favour.

For the moment we will set on one side Luigi's salary, which was very substantial. But, speaking generally, the Embassy was top-dog for ten years on end. It was copied from New York to Streatham. The Diplomats' Club was started a few hundred yards up Bond Street, but died the death. The Ambassadors' Club, which I have already mentioned, in Conduit Street, was set up in opposition. But nothing could compete with Luigi and Ambrose, his *chef d'orchestre*. Every now and then, too, Luigi was inspired to have the world's best cabaret turns such as Nat Ayer or Mrs. Vernon Castle, when even the balcony was crowded. It is true that he told me once that the only cabaret turn which ever made him money was June when he paid her £30 a week—and she was in the first cabaret he ever put on. But they all drew attention to the club.

Then Luigi died suddenly, and everyone, including the management of Ciro's, wondered what his death would portend to the club. People prophesied that it would decline at once. But no such thing happened. Peter donned the black tie and dinner jacket of the restaurant manager, and the club was, if possible, more successful than ever. Moreover, he was well backed up by Colonel Wilfred Egerton, Lord Ellesmere's brother, who is still one of the directors.

At about this time, shortly before Luigi's death, however, Sir Francis Towle lured away Ambrose and his band with the gigantic bait of £412 a week and installed them at the Mayfair, where they still are. Luigi, quite unperturbed, had replaced them with Jack Harris and his band, so the Embassy continued on its unruffled career. Then trouble started. Friction arose between Jack Harris and Peter over the subject of the former's hours of personal appearance in the club, and Jack Harris and the keymen of his band departed, not for Ciro's, but for a very smart supper restaurant. Poor Peter was very much upset by this, spoke to me of it on several occasions and then, while on his summer holidays, had a nervous breakdown from which he has never recovered. He is still in a nursing home in Italy. Four months elapsed before the remainder of Jack Harris's band also departed, and a new orchestra was installed under the present leader. Meantime, one of Luigi's last surviving henchmen from the Criterion days in the person of Andrew had been put in charge. All this may sound much ado about nothing, and yet these changes distinctly interested the very cream of International Society. During the height of the Embassy's career—and in 1928 the gross takings were £117,000—crowned heads and Crown Princes flocked to the club. I cannot count the number of times I have seen the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince George dancing round the attenuated floor space. But I have seen the King of Spain there at least five times. I can recall going there with Constance Bennett and seeing Rudolf Valentino dancing with Gladys Cooper. At one time Lord Beaverbrook frequently occupied the bottom right-hand table on the left-hand side (if that is not an Irishism), though he never goes to dance clubs now. Sir Gerald du Maurier and Frederick Lonsdale used to be seen regularly with Michael Arlen at the bottom table on the right-hand side of the door. It was so smart that only the late Lord Birkenhead and Lord Queensberry dared go there in a dinner jacket as compared with full evening dress. Business deals of colossal magnitude were talked over at the sofa tables, and on some nights the value of the jewellery worn by the women guests must have run into £1,000,000 on a single evening.

So smart and important was the club that Luigi used to charge large sums of money to minor champagne firms merely for permission to have their names on the wine list. Yes, I am telling you.

But let us turn to Ciro's. The illness of Peter and the departure of Jack Harris made them hope for better things, and indeed they needed to improve their position as a result of the success of Quaglino and Sovrani with their respective supper restaurants. So they imported a new restaurant manager, famous from Le Touquet to Monte Carlo, in the person of Umberto (so Ferraro promptly went to join Sovrani, and Louis equally promptly took over the Kit-Cat). They redecorated Ciro's at the cost of £2,000 or £3,000 to make it look like the Boîte aux Matelots in Paris. They imported a French accordion band and they removed the entrance fee for the guests of members sitting on the balcony. At first it looked as though it would all be a tremendous success. But the members of Ciro's, so it turned out, did not like the decorations and, despite the election to the committee of Lord Westmorland, Captain Tommy Graves (and previously of Lord Tennyson), the change was not a success. Ruthlessly, therefore, they scrapped the nets and the lifebelts and other decorations of the Boîte aux Matelots, and redecorated the club all over again at a cost of some more thousands of pounds. Cunning lighting effects, and some highly symbolic, if not Freudian, frescoes were used for adornment. Even this did not turn the tide efficiently, and Mr. C. B. Cochran's aid was enlisted. This was partially successful, but still the club was not so full as it might have been. Experiments were tried with various cabaret turns, ranging from Anton Dolin to coloured quartettes and back to midnight mannequin parades. Quaglino was tentatively approached. And then a quadruple experiment was made. Ferraro was reinstalled. The entrance fee for guests was abandoned, the extension night was altered from Wednesday to Tuesday, and most important of all by far, Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby were elected to the committee.

THE BALCONY AT CIRO'S: London's famous supper club seen during the day. At one time it was decorated in the style of the Boîte aux Matelots, Paris, but the present scheme of modern frescoes is considered more effective

SUPPER AT THE EMBASSY: Miss Warren Pearl, Mr. Duff Cooper, and Countess Rabi among the celebrities. The Prince of Wales has at times been a frequent visitor to the club, and the Duke of York and Prince George have often danced there after the theatre

The effect was instantaneous. These two extremely decorative and attractive members of what, for the lack of another term, may be called the Prince of Wales's set, gave a few dinner parties and—before you could say "Poulsen"—had filled the place almost to capacity. The Embassy, hardly realizing what had struck them, removed the 10s. entrance fee for guests of members and then, realizing exactly what had struck them, imported Joseph Wagstaffe, said to be a cross between Bobby Howes, Tauber, and Byng Crosbie. The new entertainer, being a very high salaried person, is receiving a three-figure weekly fee as well as an interest in the *couverts*. I went there to hear him on Tuesday night, and though it was Ciro's extension the place was crowded as of old.

How long will his drawing power last, and has the pendulum swung back from Orange Street to Bond Street? I do not pretend to know.

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JAPAN AT HOME

AN EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE PATRIOTIC FERVOUR: The blessing of the gods is invoked on a new fighting 'plane for the navy, the gift of patriotic fishermen of the northern seas of Japan. The seaplane was ceremoniously turned over to the navy at Nakajima Airport, Tokio. Shinto priests conducting a service during the dedication. It was named *Hokuyo* after the waters from which the donors draw their livelihood

AN AMUSEMENT PARK IN MODERN JAPAN: A scene reminiscent of New York's Coney Island on the roof of a modern Japanese department store. All the large cities of Japan have up-to-date amusement and recreation facilities, product of the rapid incursion of Occidental ideas to a great extent introduced by those who have studied in the West and become accustomed to its methods

THE PROGRESS OF TRANSPORT: A scene during a parade organized by leading Tokio newspapers to demonstrate the evolution of transport facilities in Japan. The procession included ancient ox-driven wagons, palanquins, sedan chairs, and motor cars. Old-time palanquins are seen in this picture being borne through the streets of the city

AT HOME WITH THE CONQ

A 2,593rd ANNIVERSARY: When Rome was first entering upon the days of her glory in the West, the Emperor Jimmu came to the throne of Japan, a nation even then boasting of its antiquity. To-day the Emperor's accession is celebrated in February as the Plum Tree Festival, children decorating dolls in ancient dress in honour of the occasion

TEARS FOR THE TORN: The annual mourning festival for the broken dolls remembered by children of the Imperial Primary School at Sungamo, Tokyo. In the midst of a world ra changing under the influence of Occidental thought such festivals remain, particularly in schools. The little children, most of them black-haired, stand in rows ready to pass in of their broken playthings, while the masters superintend the ceremony

ONQUERORS OF JEHOL

BRIDES OF TO-MORROW: The distribution of diplomas at the graduation ceremony of a "Bride School," near Tokyo, where the young women receive a practical course of training in domestic science

HER HOUSEHOLD GODS: The maintenance of an ancestral closet is a national custom among the upper classes, the reverence of "household gods" being almost as important a part of Japanese as it was of Roman life. Inside the closet, which by its occupancy forms a sacred corner of the house, there is a small cupboard containing family relics and records of ancestors

remembered by the
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PAYING HOMAGE TO A FRIEND: Admiral Viscount Nakoto Saito, Prime Minister of Japan, burns incense during a memorial service in the Zojoji Buddhist Temple at Tokyo for his staunch friend and political ally, the late Baron Kenjiro Den, Governor-General of Formosa. In the westernizing process with which Japan has been influencing so potently the thought of the Far Eastern world, Admiral Saito has played an outstanding part. Under his wise guidance Japan has progressed commercially without forfeiting the traditions of her past. An impression of modern Japan by one of "The Sphere's" Far Eastern correspondents now resident in the Island Kingdom appears on the following page

AT THE SHRINE OF THE FALLEN: Vice-Admiral Osami Nagani, who was Japanese Naval Delegate to the Geneva Conference, visits the Yasukuni Shrine with his suite before leaving Tokyo. The shrine is dedicated to the souls of soldiers and sailors who have died in battle

JAPAN AT HOME

The Violent Contrast between East and West in Modern Japan where Her People are Attempting to Weld Together all that is Best in the New and Old Worlds

By R. V. C. BODLEY

The paragraph which follows appeared in the foreign editions of the Japanese Press the morning after General Muto, Envoy of the Mikado, had met Henry Pu Yi, one time Emperor of China but now head of the new State of Manchukuo, and signed the Protocol which caused Manchuria to cease to be part of China.

"Hsingching. Sept. 15th. Last night General Muto took a good rest at the Yamato Hotel. This morning he rose early, purified himself with a bath and, wearing full dress, went to the office of Mr. Henry Pu Yi, Chief Executive of Manchukuo, at nine o'clock, accompanied by Lieut.-General Koiso, Chief of the Staff, and other Japanese military officials. He did not wait long before he met Mr. Pu Yi.

"The office of Mr. Pu Yi, where the historic signing of the document was to take place, had been cleaned and decorated to fit the occasion. Five large electric lights, each having 5,000 candle power, made the room unusually bright . . ."

Had such a description appeared in a Chinese journal or, for that matter, in any other paper of the Orient, it would not have struck an incongruous note, but in Japan, with her bustling modern cities, her magnificent trans-ocean liners, and her efficient railway service, the idea of the Japanese Ambassador "purifying himself with a bath" and going to "the office" of the ex-Emperor of China, which "had been cleaned to fit the occasion," makes one suddenly realize that however much outwardly Japan may appear to have modernized herself the modernisation is in reality superficial. (This is not said with any expression of contempt, for I am sure that it is the spirit of old Japan which holds the country together and keeps out Communism.) It is, nevertheless, difficult at first to focus the two extremes of mentality.

The arrival in a country unknown to the traveller, and especially a country in the Orient, usually leaves some definite impression, the impression usually being registered during the first few days in the new surroundings, and though modifications of opinion may come later the first impression will usually remain photographed on the mind.

I do not think that this can be said of Japan.

Before coming to Japan I had spent one year in the Dutch East Indies and nearly two in China, and from both countries I had come away with my first impressions. The good-natured smile of the saronged Malays and their kinsmen the Sundanese and Madoerese concealed no sinister thoughts, and though one occasionally met a man with advanced political ideas he was the exception and had few followers. A warm, happy, rich country, efficiently ruled by the Dutch.

China was as fierce as Java was soft. Its antagonism struck one between the eyes the moment one set foot on the bund at Shanghai. The insolent look on the people's faces, the panting ricksha coolies, the spitting golf caddies seem to cry out "This is China which hates the foreigner." I could walk about the foreign concessions in a peaceful atmosphere of British, or French, or Italian commerce. I could make merry at the foreign clubs, listen to American talkies, take part in amateur theatricals, but I could not forget that just round the corner was the Chinese city with its seething population in which I should find myself completely isolated from anything foreign. I would board a train dragged by a British-made engine and be whirled away across the lonely plains of the north, and I would feel oppressed by the vastness of China, knowing that not so many miles from the railway there were villages where white men were unknown and all things Western hated; though it is curious to note that, while the Chinese never create anything new and despise the foreign inventions which they are obliged to use, they were actually the inventors of gunpowder, printing, and the compass.

Thus as I came to China so I left it, rather overawed.

Not so with Japan. During the time I had spent in Shanghai and Tientsin I had heard much Japanese propaganda, I had been slightly embroiled in the incidents of September 18, 1931, when the Japanese troops were advancing through Manchuria towards the Great Wall, I had favourably compared the Japanese troops to the ragged coolies which formed the Chinese army, but my only real contact with Japan had been at the local golf clubs where I found the Japanese members courteous folk, the majority of whom played golf better than I. But I think that in the back of my mind I expected to find Japan a miniature replica of China. After all it was only twenty-six hours by sea from Shanghai to Nagasaki; the languages, though dissimilar, had most of the same ideographic characters, and the people, though of different build, had the same type of face. This preconceived impression was shattered after a few minutes among Japanese people in Japan, giving place to a second impression which altered again a few weeks later, giving way to a third about which I am not yet quite decided.

The first picture registered on landing in Japan is painted on a background of efficiency. Everything in Japan seems to be organized on a plan. Nothing is left to chance, and whether one is in a train or in one of the magnificent Europeanized hotels, or motoring or sight-seeing, this deference to order stands out everywhere.

Tokyo, with its many storeyed post-earthquake buildings, its tramways and taxis, or Kobe with its great wharves where the biggest liners afloat can berth at the same time, make one think of New York. The shops with their displays of Western goods, all manufactured in Japan and consequently absurdly cheap, again make one compare China which refuses to copy things non-Chinese, and by placing exorbitant taxes on foreign products causes the foreigner to spend unnecessarily on manufactured goods. And so, as I dodged motor cars and tramways (as for some peculiar reason there are practically no streets with pavements in Japan), I thought of old Japan and how picturesque it must have been before modern inventions were perfected, wishing that I could find some lost city with old time costumes and wooden buildings; and then suddenly, as if my wish had been heard, I found myself in a narrow alley of real Japanese houses with paper walls; little shops displayed their wares in a jumble of fruits and dried fish, porcelain and toys; paper lanterns brightly coloured or painted with mysterious characters hung over the doorways; about every twenty yards archways of lights lit up the darkening streets; women in bright kimonos clattered by in their wooden clogs; men in more sombre colours walked along carrying paper umbrellas. I thought at first that this might be a poor quarter, forgotten in the rush of building the new city, but I was wrong, for in all parts of Japan I was to find this violent contrast between East and West with no definite boundary line separating the two States.

Kyoto, the former capital, is a city of great, straight thoroughfares dividing it into massive blocks of buildings. A tramcar rattles past the spacious grounds of the Imperial Palace, penetrating into which one forgets that the steam engine is even known in Japan. Outside the ancient temple of Higashi Honganji, only a few minutes' walk from the railway station, taxis wait on the rank for customers, while within devout men and women in kimonos, leaving their shoes at the foot of the temple steps, pray or meditate in the holy silence of the great wooden shrine . . . Rather overcome by the grandeur of the Europeanized hotels I decided to try the Japanese inn. I had already experienced the dirt and discomfort of Chinese taverns in the interior, so I knew that I could have no further shocks. But what a pleasant contrast! Instead of the tumble-down building with its mud floor and fly-ridden kitchen, a charming Japanese house with gracefully curving roof. The inn either looked out on to a gay square or was surrounded by a decorative garden, while a charming little person in a pretty kimono with her hair piled high on her head bowed me in, bade me take off my shoes, gave me slippers in their place and, leading the way along a polished wooden passage, made me discard the slippers as she showed me into a room carpeted with clean white mats. The walls of the room were made of sliding paper panels which allowed free ventilation from three points of the compass.

My dinner of rice, raw fish, vegetables, and sukiyaki was brought to me in small lacquer bowls arranged on a low table, before which I squatted on a cushion while the pretty serving maid knelt before me and filled a blue cup with sake, the Japanese rice wine which tastes rather like bad brandy. My bed, clean as the rest of the inn, was made up on the floor and I washed in a bathroom, common to all the guests, consisting of a white-tiled apartment with long troughs running the length of the wall into which taps poured a copious supply of water.

The following night I was sleeping in one of the finest European hotels which I have ever seen in any country. Every room with a private bath, waiters in hard shirts, homard thermidor, Château Yquem, and an atmosphere as remote from the Far East as the Japanese inn was close to it. *(Continued on a later page)*

HARVEST TIME IN AGRICULTURAL JAPAN: The Japan of to-day, with her vast cities equipped with every convenience of Western civilization, her giant ocean-going liners, her docks and harbours, and her smoking factory chimneys, sometimes makes us forget that scenes such as this are still typical of her farm lands. Japan's rapid commercial development has by no means destroyed the beauties of her countryside

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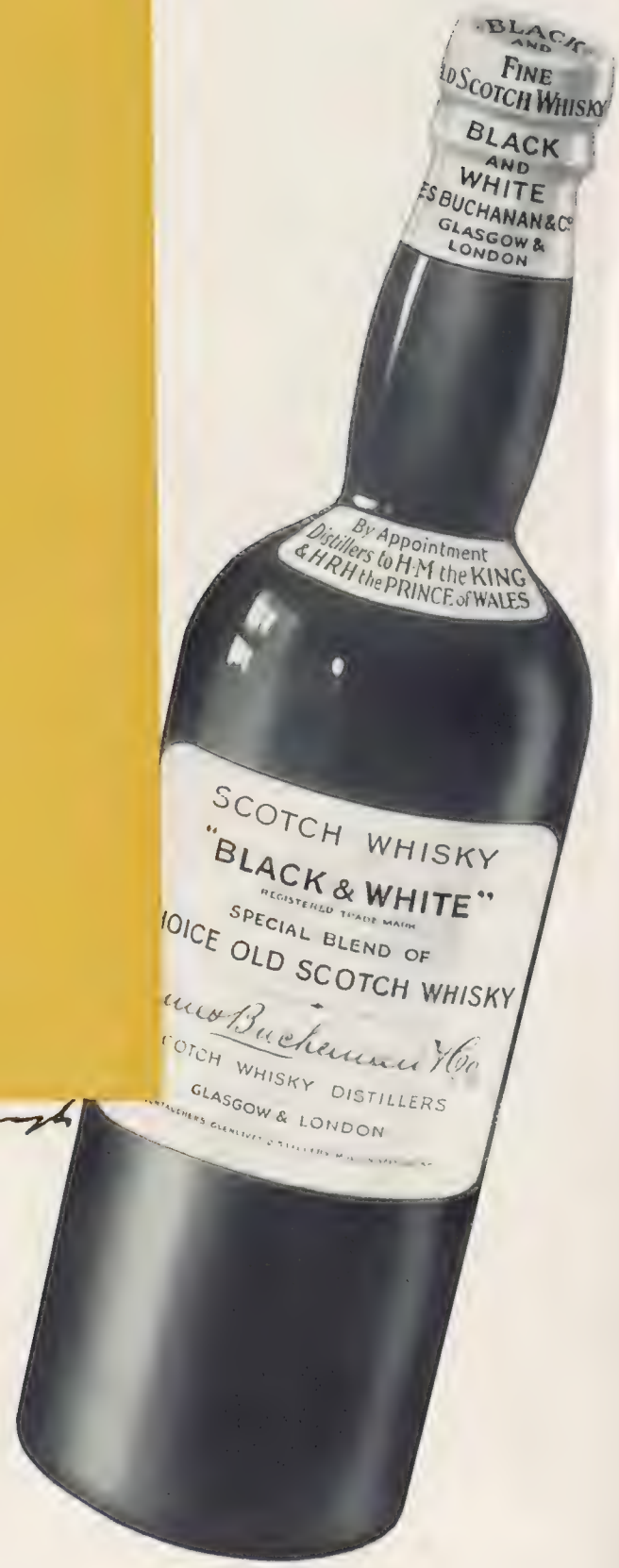

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THE SOCIAL SCENE IN LONDON

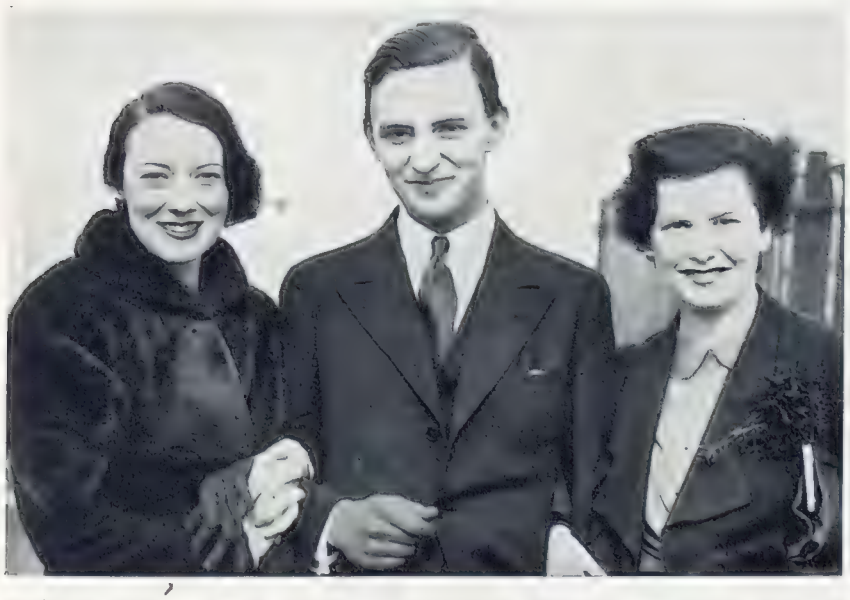
THE ARMY'S OLDEST GENERAL: General Sir Bindon Blood seen leaving the Levee held at St. James's Palace

LEAVING THE LEVEE: Major Frederick Waldegrave

Above—MEMBERS OF THE HUNGARIAN DIPLOMATIC CORPS: The Hungarian Charge d'Affaires, Marquis Alphonse de Pallavicini, and Lieut.-Colonel Count Marcel Stom arrive at St. James's Palace. *Left*—Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, in full Court dress

A NEW PORTRAIT: Signora Grandi, wife of the Italian Ambassador in London with her two children, Franco and Simonetta

AT THE FASHIONS EXHIBITION, DORLAND HOUSE: Ascot frocks and hats seen at the Exhibition in Regent Street



THREE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: Miss Viola Keats, winner of the Bancroft Gold Medal, Mr. Stephen Murray, winner of the silver medal, and Miss Anne Boyd, winner of the bronze medal, who have gained distinction in the Academy's examinations. Miss Keats, who comes from the North of England has in the past eighteen months won the Kendal Prize and the Forbes-Robertson Diction Prize in addition to her latest award

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN HYDE PARK: The Princess who has been away from London for some time returned last week. She is seen with her sister and two nurses taking advantage of the spring sunshine in Hyde Park

HOW THEY SOLVE THE PROBLEM IN AMERICA: A loopway through one of New York's parks showing the stream of traffic diverted from the avenues to relieve the over-congested thoroughfares of the city

AN EVERYDAY SIGHT IN AMERICA'S METROPOLIS: Incoming traffic waits its turn on a crowded square in New York

AN EFFECTIVE LOOPWAY SYSTEM on the outskirts of New York, showing how congestion at an important cross roads is avoided by lowering the level of one of the roads and bridging the high level thoroughfare

TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

What Two Cars per Citizen has Meant for the U.S.A.

While in Britain, and particularly London, we have an urgent traffic problem, bred probably of the poorly conceived methods of town planning of a century ago, which have resulted, even in the world's largest city, in a maze of streets meeting each other at the most awkward angles; American cities, for the most part laid out on the rectangular plan, are far more congested, and if anything are faced with a problem even more difficult of solution. How the United States is facing this problem is described in a series of pictures on these pages.

The great mass production works of General Motors, of the Ford Motor Co. of Detroit, of the Willys Overland Co. at Toledo, and many others have ceaselessly turned out during a decade of post-War prosperity their daily quota of cars, and for each there seemed a buyer ready to swell the ranks of motor, owners and to add, unwittingly, to his country's traffic problem.

A high standard of living and cheap mass production facilities have brought cars within the reach of over half of America's 145,000,000 odd citizens, and whether it was a Pierce-Arrow or a humble Ford it seemed that each was intent upon using his new-found "plaything" to its fullest extent. In the industrial cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles there was hardly a worker who could not afford his "tin Lizzy," for what the bicycle is to the Englishman, the Ford, on account of a high wage level, was and still is, in spite of depression, to the American.

Each State has attempted to solve the traffic problems so brought about by the framing of its own laws, and new and broad highways have been laid out from end to end of the land. Every effort has been made to relieve congestion and to make the roads safe for pedestrians and motorists alike. All along the highways of one State, Ohio, crosses mark the corners where motorists have come to grief and paid the last penalty of their over enthusiasm for speed. But even these grim reminders have failed to have their intended effect, while the "Stop, Look, Listen" signs at every railroad crossing, perilous to European eyes accustomed to bridges, are all too often flagrantly disregarded by the speeding motorist, who prefers to take a chance rather than slow down.

Everyone knows the famous slogan of one American city, "Drive Fast and See Our Hospital, Drive Slow and See Our City," but it seems that even this enlightened example of municipal interest in the traffic problem has done little to stem the headlong career of the nation's traffic. In this war on the motorist, waged in the interests of his own protection, New York has always led the way, probably because her difficulties have been more urgent than those of any other American metropolis. Every morning crowds flock into town by motor, and in the small area of the city, only large because it is built towards the sky, automobiles and pedestrians fight for the right of way. New York has built elevated highways for the express incoming traffic, the most notable being that along the shores of the Hudson River, instituted courts for dealing with offenders under her Traffic Act, planned out proper parking places, all too often avoided for some more convenient spot, and instituted a system of traffic lights that is second to none,

OF TO-DAY

and which the world has taken as its example.

Even the pedestrian has been catered for, for it is the man or woman who dashes wildly across the street when the lights are at danger who provides one of the greatest menaces to his own and the motorist's life and limbs.

When the Court was first introduced for pedestrians some years ago there were so many cases on the first day of its opening that hundreds of offenders were dismissed, too great a pressure being placed upon the court officials. By her system of automatic traffic signals New York has done much to relieve congestion in her avenues and boulevards, the signals, assisted by the rectangular pattern upon which the city is planned, allowing a constant stream of traffic to flow through its many arteries at an average speed of fifteen miles per hour. Now yet another improvement has been brought about, and the amber light, disregarded throughout the country, has been dispensed with. The Deputy Commissioner of New York's Police Department has discovered, after constant association with the system, that if this light is abolished traffic will still have ample time to stop or get under way between the red and green signals. And this without enhancing the risk of accident either to motorists or pedestrians.

In Philadelphia even the police have ignored the amber light, and have been known to admonish drivers for not "getting a move on" before the appearance of the green signal.

JUSTICE WHILE YOU WAIT: A crowd of offenders in Brooklyn Traffic Court wait their turn. The court is sometimes in continuous session for many hours at a time, particularly after the week-end, when New York enjoys the pleasures of the road

THE TRAFFIC COURT: Where offenders who have defied Brooklyn's traffic laws, and they are many, receive sentence

THROUGH THE SUBURBS: An early morning scene in New York showing a stream of traffic heading towards the city to join the throng of cars from other directions

BEFORE THE BEAK: Negro and white offenders receive justice in Brooklyn's Traffic Court. Although speeding offences are the most frequent, many hundreds are brought before the magistrates each week for parking in forbidden areas

Incidentally, the abolition of the second light has resulted in a very considerable saving of money, which the traffic department has been able to allocate in other and more useful directions. For instance, on the outskirts of New York immense loopways have been constructed, and to avoid delay to holiday traffic in the suburbs bridges have been built and one of the intersecting roads sunk beneath the normal level of the highway.

Traffic in America has probably occasioned more municipal, State, and Federal legislation during the past few years than any other problem, but through wise administration and constant supervision a semblance of order has clearly been obtained where chaos and unwieldy congestion once prevailed.

Above—A HIGH LEVEL ROADWAY: A section of the elevated highway along the Hudson River, New York, the last portion of which has recently been completed. The highway is built for fast traffic only and considerably relieves congestion

On right—SUMMONS: An unfortunate motorist who has spent too long in an unofficial parking place receives a summons to appear before the Traffic Court

PLAYS:

Modern Authors on Reality and Grease Well-known

By PHILIP PAGE

THE VILLAIN AT BAY: Sam Livesey as Gideon Bloodgood, the villainous banker, and Alexander Field as Badger his blackmailing clerk, in the musical burlesque version of Dion Boucicault's old melodrama *The Streets of London*

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE: Badger, lately deported from America, after twenty years, continues his pursuit of Bloodgood, his former employer, about whom he knows too much for the banker's safety

"SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST": Harold Warrender as the hero and Diana Churchill as the heroine in *The Streets of London*, depict the art of wooing in Victorian days

FALSELY ARRESTED: Badger makes his first attempt to blackmail Bloodgood, who throws him upon the tender mercies of the law

THE SUCCESS OF "THE STREETS OF LONDON"

HIS ONE WEAKNESS: Bloodgood who tramples without mercy upon all with whom he has business dealings is himself a pawn in the hands of his socially ambitious daughter played by Margaretta Scott

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT: Valentine Rooke as Paul Fairweather forgives Bloodgood, who has robbed him of his heritage, for the sake of his "chee-ild." In a magnificent finale in which virtue triumphs, and the wicked are exposed in all their shame, and where the hero discovers to the audience's polite astonishment that the heroine loves him after all, Bloodgood makes his exit amid "hisses," and the play of green limelights upon his shameful but seemingly remorseful head

The literary play—that is the play about literary people and their creations—is still with us. Mr. Rudolph Besier, having legitimately made a fortune out of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, has much to answer for good and ill.

The Holmeses of Baker Street soon ended their tenancy in Shaftesbury Avenue. Richard Wagner, who, be it remembered, was a dramatist, a journalist, and a political pamphleteer as well as a composer, did not remain long in St. Martin's Lane. I have heard recently of theatrical Brontës wandering about Croydon, though that is a play I did not see. Shaw put Shakespeare into a play, and I have no doubt that some future Shakespeare will put Shaw into one. Berlin has recently seen a play about Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. A perfectly dreadful drama with Lord Byron in it was produced in London a few years ago. And now we have had produced at the "Q" Theatre a play about Francis Thompson.

There is quite a platoon of Thompson poets, despite the fact that, whatever the spelling, it is hardly a poetical name. The play, *Francis Thompson*, deals, of course, with Francis ("Hound of Heaven") Thompson. The title-rôle is played by Mr. Ernest ("Loyalties") Milton, as distinguished from Mr. John ("Paradise Lost") Milton.

Now Thompson died so recently that one feels that the time is creeping swiftly nearer when we shall as a matter of course see living writers represented behind the footlights, a fate which has already overtaken living politicians. Quite an ordinary first-night experience will be a couple of Sitwells on the stage and all three Sitwells in the stalls, and Kiplings, Sassoons, Alfred Douglases, Masefields, Shankses, and so forth, all in a confused mixture of reality and grease paint.

Some daring soul, believing in mass effect, will one day lump the whole lot together on Drury Lane's revolving stages and set them spinning round simultaneously in a spectacular setting to German music, accompanied by appropriate gestures by the Albertina Rasch girls. That should be fun.

At the "Q" however, where space and funds are limited, we have only one poet. Thompson was a very considerable poet and manages to fill the stage. His private weaknesses—drink and drugs—have not been made an excuse for an essay in the sordidly sensational. This has not been a matter of tact and "good form," neither of which should furnish an obstacle where the making of a play is concerned, though I have noted a tendency in this direction of late.

If one is to dramatize a celebrity of whatever type, one must go the whole hog. The only alternative course is to drop that celebrity altogether. To write a play round Dr. Crippen and to omit altogether, or to suggest only with vague and gentlemanly delicacy, the fact that he murdered his wife, chopped her up, and buried the choppings under the kitchen floor of 39, Hilldrop Crescent, would be an absurdity.

The author of the "Q" play has preferred to remain on the strict q.t.; perhaps "Q" plays, like *Q* ships, should have a touch of mystery about them. In that he is responsible for a really fine piece of work, such modesty is the more to be applauded. He has avoided a complicated mass of struggles and vices, has given us a picture of a man capable of infinite suffering and has brought down the curtain at the right moment.

Perhaps the probing into the soul of Thompson does not go very deep. But who knows the depth of that soul? And how many of us care how deep or how shallow it was? I have a notion—I stand to be corrected by those who knew the man well—that Thompson, like so many poets, was a poet by accident and incidentally, too. Born and not made, if you like. But with his poetry a thing apart from his life and soul, except quite superficially.

The play is an episode, full of poignancy. A street-walker, Anne, took pity on the poet, helped and sheltered him, and then, finding that he had had verses published, realized that he was a celebrity or

the Stage — A Confused Mixture of Paint: The Coming Opera Season: Actors Away from London

likely to become one, and left him for his own good. A thin little yarn, perhaps. One could cavil at the improbability of the development, and one could smile at the pathetic belief that the appearance of one's words in print connotes fame. But this story happens to be the truth, or very near the truth.

Mr. Ernest Milton made Thompson something of a Fantastic. A Fantastic he may have been; I never saw him. Mr. Milton is, however, so fine and subtle an actor in all parts, such as this, after after his own heart, that every touch he puts into the picture is of interest. He shows imagination and vigour.

The girl is played by Miss Mary Glynne, in whom virtue shines with a bright white light. This, so far from altering the fact that she is a first-rate actress, underlines it, since for Miss Glynne to suggest a prostitute must be a task of remarkable difficulty. Here she is helped only by the thought that this is a peculiarly noble member of that ancient profession. But there were no sham heroics about a beautiful and sincere performance.

Miss May Agate, who seems to be able to change her stage nationality at will, is here robustly British. A perfect cameo. And Mr. Hay Petrie contributed another one.

Mr. Francis Lederer, adored by vast sections of the London public, among whom he came with a large stock of hair and a small stock of English, is such a success in New York that he is not likely to be seen here again for some considerable time.

America is said not to be able to afford much nowadays; but she can afford London stage favourites, for the explanation must be that she pays them more than we do. I put the film-world as a place apart—mystic, wonderful, as those who have seen *Once in a Lifetime* will realize. But Broadway tempts as strongly as Hollywood, though when I was in New York in January, I was told half-a-dozen times an hour that the legitimate stage in America is down and out, never to rise again.

Mr. Noel Coward spends much of his time on the other side of the Atlantic, where he now is, acting in *Design for Living*. Miss Constance Collier is in the American, not the English version, of *Dinner at Eight*. Miss Beatrice Lillie has not appeared in London for a long while, which is not surprising, for she has New York at her feet. Miss Ursula Jeans has been "starring" in New York though she is now, I believe, on her way home.

That fine actor, Mr. Robert Loraine, has not been on this side of the Atlantic for a couple of years. Mr. Matheson Lang's reappearance in London is much overdue. Canada and the English provinces see far more than London does of our most romantic actor of the old (and very great) school, Sir John Martin-Harvey. Mr. Jack Buchanan acts for the films and in musical-comedy in America; London nowadays sees him hardly at all. Miss Evelyn Laye has been described as "the Queen of the English musical-comedy stage," but has not queened it since *Helen*. Her success in the *Cavalcade* film is likely to keep the brilliant Miss Diana Wynyard busy with cinema contracts for years. That splendid character actor, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, seems wholly to have gone over to the films. A long list.

The London theatre is in a healthy enough condition. But a phenomenal number of those on whose presence one was accustomed to count are now conspicuous by their absence.

Full details of the forthcoming opera season at Covent Garden have now been announced and the box-office is open. This is invariably the sign for the annual onslaught on Covent Garden as an institution, coupled with devastating criticism of all it has done and of all it stands for.

So far the criticism has come from two quarters, one expected, and the other unexpected.

The daily organ of Labour and the trades unions accuses Covent Garden of keeping to the same old operas, and suggests that this is done because of the limited stock of costumes in that theatre's wardrobe.

It is true that the repertoire is for the most part familiar, though this year it includes an interesting revival of Verdi's *Don Carlos*, which has not been heard at Covent Garden since the 'sixties, and the production of Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*, which has never been produced in London at all. But the same operas are given year after year mainly because they are good operas, and the public wants them, and is willing to pay to hear them.

A further point, which may appeal to Labour interests, is that the production of new works is limited not by lack of costumes—a suggestion childishly incorrect—but by the enormous cost of the many orchestral rehearsals an operatic novelty renders necessary. Trade unionism may congratulate itself on having secured high pay, huge sums for overtime, and so forth, for orchestral players. But it must not complain if because of those boons orchestral rehearsals have to be strictly limited, simply because no management can afford them. It cannot have it both ways.

The unexpected quarter from which an attack has come is *The Times*, which on this question takes a startlingly democratic view-point. The attack is indirect, and is in the form of lavish praise of any and every production of opera at the Old Vic. and Sadler's Wells.

I have the greatest admiration for the pluck and enterprise shown by those theatres in tackling opera at all with very limited resources. But no good service is done to them by making them look ridiculous; for that is the only result of lack of proportion in the appreciation of their efforts. And it is lack of a sense of proportion, or lack of common sense, or the prejudice of ignorance—possibly all three—to put aside as non-existent the performances of Wagner at Covent Garden, with the orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham or Dr. Bruno Walter, and with such singers as Lauritz Melchior, Frida Lieder, Olcewska, Schorr, and Lotte Lehmann.

"It is the people," says *The Times*, "who would sooner be in the gallery of the Old Vic. than in the stalls of Covent Garden with whom the future of opera in this country rests."

I sincerely hope it does not. I would not like to think that the future of opera in this or any other country rested with people who are manifestly in need of examination by a mental specialist.

It is pleasant to find one has given forth a prophecy that is fulfilled. I spoke last week of the excellence of the play *The Lake*, produced at the Arts Theatre, and the fine performance in it of Miss Marie Ney, and suggested that its transfer to a theatre for a regular run was certain. And thus it came to pass and the Westminster is its new home. Still more pleasant is this arrangement for those employed at the Westminster Theatre. For after the failure of *The Princess in the Cage*, Mr. Amner Hall had decided to close the theatre altogether until the autumn. The entire staff, box-office clerks, stage hands, etc., had received their notice and it was indeed a melancholy business. Now the reprieve has come. If worth counts for success *The Lake* should stay at the Westminster long enough to give Mr. Hall ample leisure to pick on a good successor, and to avoid again picking on such purposeless rubbish as its predecessor.

The 1933 Stratford-upon-Avon festival is only a month distant, and Mr. Bridges-Adams, the director, has nearly completed his company.

Mr. Randle Ayrton, who played in the inaugural performance last year of the new theatre, will be the stage director, with, as "guest-producers," Komisarjevsky, Tyrone Guthrie, and no less a person than Max Reinhardt, whose handling of Shakespeare in Shakespeare's own country it will be interesting to compare with his Shakespearean productions in Germany.

Among the players there are newcomers from the Old Vic. and from the Rochester Repertory Company, and Mr. Anthony Bernand will be in charge of the music.

Talking of Shakespeare, I trust the recent revival at the Old Vic. of *Romeo and Juliet* will soon be seen again. I have never known a better Juliet than Miss Peggy Ashcroft, and I have known dozens. There is much truth in the statement of a wise old actress of a former school that "no one is fit to play Juliet until she is old enough to play the nurse."

But Miss Ashcroft is an exception to this rule. She can, and does, look Juliet's required age—i.e. fourteen—and she possesses at the same time tragic powers which are rarely found in a young actress.

FROM THE *JOLLY ROGER*: Percy Heming as Sir William Rowlocks in Mr. George Robey's and Miss Rita John's successful presentation at the Savoy Theatre

A LONDON FAVOURITE IN THE UNITED STATES: Eulalie Ashmore, Anton Dunn, and Marie Heck take tea with Francis Lederer, the Czech stage star, at a party given in his honour by Mrs. Edwin Gould

THE BATTLE of the TERRACES

And the Future of London's Antiquities

By M. I. BATTEN

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: The new building for a paint-manufacturing firm which is replacing No. 4, Carlton Gardens. As it is impossible to rebuild the whole terrace completely before 1990, one of the leases still having sixty years to run, a general rebuilding would mean that the Mall would present a strange and unsightly diversity of architectural styles for over half a century. The terrace has been saved for the time being

LOOKING ON TO ST. JAMES'S PARK AND THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Workmen survey the magnificent view during their lunch hour from the roof of the new building in Carlton Gardens. An even more extensive view of the fine sweep of the park can be seen from the steps of the Duke of York's Monument between the two wings of the terrace, but this is to be closed to the public

THE THREATENED ADELPHI TERRACE SEEN FROM EMBANKMENT GARDENS: The Adelphi Terrace, although part of its river-face was shrouded from view by the application of a cement frontage in 1875, presents a very pleasing appearance as a whole when viewed from the gardens below. The wing on the extreme right still shows the original Adam façade

London is not yet a city of skyscrapers, but the present movement in building seems to be to pull down all old buildings regardless of any beauty or historic interest they may possess, and to replace them with the highest buildings that can be smuggled through the L.C.C. regulations. At the same time there is a tendency to encroach bit by bit on spaces which have by law been kept devoid of buildings and often open to the public.

The Press has, during the last few months, shown that the public is taking a real interest in the fate of Carlton House Terrace, Adelphi Terrace, and more recently the fact that the beautiful views of St. Paul's from the river are being entirely obscured by the tall buildings which are springing up along the Embankment. No one in their senses wishes to keep all the existing buildings in London and never put up any new ones, for new buildings are essential and inevitable. But a city such as London, with centuries of history behind it, would be a place utterly without character if it had no antiquities, nothing to show how it had grown and developed, no relics of the life of past centuries. We look forward to many new building schemes, such as a new Charing Cross Bridge, because we think they are essential to the good of the City, but we also want to retain Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and various lesser buildings if it is economically possible to do so.

During the last few months the two most historic and beautiful terraces in London have been attacked—Carlton House Terrace and the Adelphi Terrace. The two cases are rather different. Before the public knew anything about it No. 4, Carlton Gardens, which forms part of the Carlton House Terrace block, was in the hands of the housebreakers, to be replaced by a large block of offices, and we were told that the whole Terrace would shortly be rebuilt. The facts of the case must by now be familiar to nearly everyone—how it was impossible to rebuild the Terrace completely before about 1990 as one of the leases still had sixty years to run and two others fifty, which meant the most appalling higgledy-piggledy development along the Mall for more than half a century, and all the rest of the lamentable project. The Carlton House Terrace Defence Committee was formed, the whole question was debated in Parliament, the Commissioners of Crown Lands were approached, and everything possible done not only to save the Terrace, but also to prevent the new block of offices being erected to its full height. The Terrace has been saved, at any rate for the present, but the battle over the new and offending building has been lost, and it rears its officious stone head over the quiet, dignified Terrace—a monument to complete lack of consideration of beauty, amenities, and town planning.

Another sad side issue of the affair is that the Office of Works have issued a statement to the effect that in future the Duke of York's Monument, which stands at the top of the steps in between the two wings of the Terrace, will be closed to the public. The monument was designed in 1831 by Wyatt and the bronze statue by Westmacott. The platform at the top has in the past been open to the public. It was for the West End what the Monument is for the City, a place from which to obtain magnificent views.

The Adelphi Estate Bill, which was due to come up for its second reading in the House of Lords on March 16, seeks permission to erect a large building in front of Adelphi Terrace on the foreground between the Terrace and the Embankment Gardens. It demands the repeal of the Act of 1771, which forbade the erection of any building of a height greater than 20 ft. on the Adelphi foreground, thus preserving it as an open space with the Terrace open to the river views. The Bill also seeks permission to build on a portion of the Victoria Embankment Gardens. Furthermore, to widen Adam Street, John Street, and Robert Street, "raise, lower, alter or remove any vaults, arches, cellars," etc.

The demand for new blocks of offices or flats in the West End does not, considering the vast number of empty ones which already exist, seem sufficiently great to warrant the loss of an open space and the ruination of the Adelphi, which is part of London's heritage and a lovely quiet backwater. The façade of the Terrace itself was spoilt in 1875, when it was covered with cement and a pediment and balconies put on. The wings fortunately were not touched, and they illustrate how charming the original Terrace must have been. The architectural opinion is that the cement façade could be removed without very great cost and the Adams Terrace restored to us.

Following on the Adelphi comes news of a plan to destroy the eighteenth-century houses of Abingdon Street—to make room for more offices—which form part of the Abbey Precincts opposite the Houses of Parliament.

It is high time that someone added up and published the number of vacant offices in the West End, and more than time for a proper plan of development. Good buildings and town planning mean more than beauty; they mean good trade.

Art of the MEDIEVAL ILLUMINATOR

Rare Manuscripts from the Chester Beatty Collection to be Sold at Sotheby's in May

MAILED SOLDIERS IN CONVERSATION: From a Spanish Commentary on the Pauline Epistles, A.D. 1189. The book was executed for an unknown monastery

THE SHIPWRECK: St. Paul and his three companions fall headlong into the sea. Another page from the Spanish Commentary

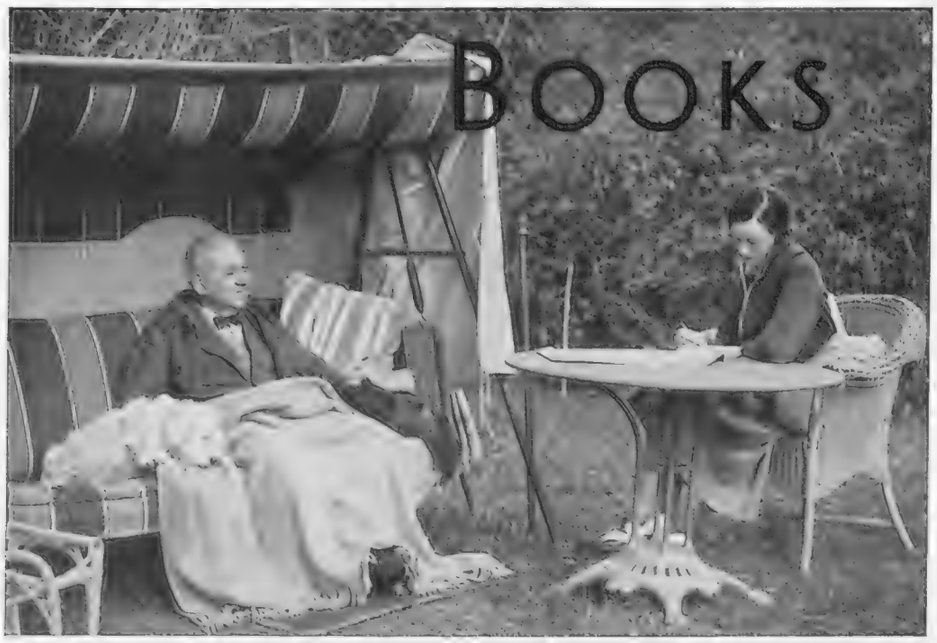
IN PURPLE VELLUM: The title page of probably the most important manuscript to be offered at the sale, *The Gospels of the School of Tours*

Above—"THE FOUCQUET HOURS": A miniature entitled "The Annunciation," by Jehan Foucquet (*circa* 1470). *Left*—An elephant and three armed men, from a 13th-century Bible

THE ST. TROND LECTIONARY: A decorated page from the Gospels and Epistles illuminated in the twelfth century in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Trond, Flanders

THE SEITENSTETTEN GOSPELS: St. John, standing in a cauldron, holds the poisoned cup while boiling oil is poured over his head. A decoration from an early thirteenth-century manuscript executed in Austria and dedicated to the Virgin Mary

FROM A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT: A fine miniature depicting a meeting of the Knights of St. Michael under the presidency of Henry II. It is reproduced from the statutes of the Order, probably made for Edward VI when he was invested in 1551. It is written on vellum and executed in a Gothic hand of Bâtard type



A FAMOUS WRITER FOR THE MAGAZINES: Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, known the world over as a writer of "thrillers," seen dictating his latest novel to his secretary in the garden of his Riviera home at Nice, where he has been spending the winter

BY CECIL ROBERTS

Lady Rhondda's Remarkable Autobiography—Her Life as a Suffragette—Experiences on the "Lusitania": Miss Cicely Hamilton Interprets Modern France: Manchuria, "The Tinder Box of Asia," by G. Sokolsky

In her autobiography, *This Was My World* (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.), Lady Rhondda has given us a book with unusual qualities. Its singularity lies in the manner in which Lady Rhondda has made her selection. She could have told us many stories of celebrities she has known, of the great figures with whom her father came into contact, of startling or surprising things she must have overheard in a life of continuous industrial and intellectual activity. She does none of these things, and in resisting what must have been a temptation she has won a triumph, for this autobiography really is a personal confession, and restores to the word "autobiography" its original meaning.

There is no parade of titles, great eccentrics, statesmen, and celebrities *en pantoufles*. There is nothing indiscreet, in bad taste, or strenuously egotistical. The narrative begins quietly, continues quietly. Yet what power it gathers as it proceeds, and how calmly we are brought to that terrifying experience of the *Lusitania!* This is the high spot of the book. It narrates an adventure into the realm of Death such as has come to few, and from this adventure Lady Rhondda emerges with memorable reflections.

The story opens with a review of the period into which she was born. It was a Victorian world, soon to pass into an Edwardian era, with a legacy of chaperones and a stern determination to keep women in their place. One cannot escape the conviction that Lady Rhondda at that period was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. She became a suffragette, and the chapters dealing with that phase of her experience make perturbing reading to-day. The cowardly evasion, the bullying, the appeal to mob rule which characterized the official opposition to these women were not ended by sweet reason but by a world menace. Lady Rhondda found herself fighting her own father's party, and there is characteristic humour, of the D.A. order, when her father concluded a political meeting by saying, "This has been a wonderful evening. When I go home I shall have the pleasure of telling my wife and daughter—both of whom are at present out of prison—what a treat they have missed."

An amazing family, with its womenfolk as quietly forceful as its men. Thus Aunt Janetta, with the face of a saint, considered it her duty to smash the windows of D. H. Evans. The great plate-glass window looked so beautiful that she could hardly bear to destroy it. "However she did it all the same, and then moved on to the next and the next. Crash, crash went the hammer. Each time she struck she murmured the text, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'." The moment she was out on bail she went back to the shop to buy a hat, and explained pleasantly to the astonished shop assistant, "It was I who broke your windows yesterday!"

Lady Rhondda had a legacy of delightful aunts. There was Aunt Lotty. "Can you put both your big toes in your mouth at once?" inquired a struggling grand-nephew. "Certainly," replied Aunt Lotty. Dropping her sketching paraphernalia, she squatted on the floor and did it on the spot without so much as a struggle. There was tough stock behind these people. The old grandfather was a formidable figure. Masterful, grim, a strong Nonconformist and disciplinarian, he was more feared than loved. But he had married his equal in force of character. He was horrified by the extravagance of a wife who had paid £60 for a fur coat. He burnt it. Whereupon his wife spent another £60 on another coat, informing him that she would go on buying until he stopped burning. His methods of protest were odd and abrupt. When his wife had a smart evening party he showed his disapproval by wearing his oldest clothes and by taking a stool and sitting down in silence before the fire with his back to the whole company.

There was a quiet determination about the child that was to be Lady Rhondda. She was a crusader from the start.

"I must have been about thirteen or fourteen when I discovered the existence of prostitutes as a class set apart. The discovery made a deep impression on me, and I took a vow to myself that all my life I would do what I could to see that the terrible injustice of scorning them and treating them as untouchables simply because they performed the sexual act for money should be done away with. It was one of the only two vows that I took to myself through my whole childhood."

One of the most arresting chapters is that in which Lady Rhondda narrates her experience in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Her description of the sinking, of her own feelings as she waited to be submerged, as she was sucked down by the ship, of the long vigil in the water, of the unknown man who trespassed on the piece of wood to which she clung, is done with a detachment that is as startling as it is puzzling. There was no speculation upon the fate of her father until they met again at Queenstown. The perfect honesty of the psychology fascinates me as a novelist, and shows what an extraordinary thing the human mind, confronted with the gravest issues, can be in its elemental processes. When the trespasser moved along her floating plank Lady Rhondda ordered him back to his end. "He said nothing, and just meekly went back. After a while I noticed that he had disappeared. I don't know what had happened to him. He may have gone off to a hencoop which was floating by. I don't know whether he had a lifebelt on or not. Somehow I think not. . . . I doubt whether any of the people in the water were acutely frightened or in any consciously unbearable agony of mind. When Death is as close as he was then, the sharp agony of fear is not there; the thing is too overwhelming and stunning for that."

This is an unusual autobiography; it touches hidden forces of influence. Here is the best analysis of a working creed of pacifism I have ever read. At no moment does Lady Rhondda lose her hold on rugged common sense.

Miss Cicely Hamilton proceeds sturdily on her way in the task of interpreting foreign countries to British minds. After Germany came Italy, and now it is the turn of France. In her book *Modern France* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), Miss Hamilton gives first place to the question of the French birth rate, and what she calls the debatable lands, Alsace-Lorraine. France's alarm is born of these two aspects, the decline of the peasant and the resulting fall of the birth rate, and the necessity of a growing population to provide France with battalions for the defence of her vulnerable frontier. Miss Hamilton threshes out this problem with characteristic thoroughness. There is considerable anxiety in the French outlook with which we are not always sympathetic, and Miss Hamilton renders France a service in her vivid statement of the situation. An extremely interesting chapter of the book tells us of the Michelin experiment in the subsidization of workmen's families. But Miss Hamilton points a finger of warning. The danger lies in the impossibility of guaranteeing a fixed state of industry. The worker's family can only be subsidized by employers whose business escapes depression. The scheme is essentially a direct charge upon production, and in no sense remunerative to the industry. It is an economic fair-weather proposition only.

From the general industrial situation Miss Hamilton turns to a close examination of French social life. A friend of mine who lives in France, an acute observer, declares that whereas Germany is uniform-mad, France is woman-mad, and all the social customs of the two people are governed by these two obsessions. I agree with him. But it is singular that in a country in which the adulation of woman approaches insanity, woman herself has to fight step by step for her liberty. It should not be assumed, nevertheless, that the order *de convenance* is ruthlessly applied and the *jeune fille* is forced into marriage without reference to her feelings. "French parents as a rule are far too much concerned with their children's happiness to force them into uncongenial marriages," says Miss Hamilton. The Frenchwoman is still without a vote, and the Senate resolutely blocks the way, yet there is no country in which the woman's finger is so deeply and so constantly inserted into the political and industrial pie.

Miss Hamilton again reveals her gift for shrewd observation, sympathetic interpretation, and a certain caustic criticism that is never unbalanced. No Frenchman could complain of her survey, for since enthusiasm never betrays her she is a just judge. But I disagree with her upon one point. She asserts that in Paris they arrange their traffic control better. Both as motorist and pedestrian I regard it as hysterical and chaotic. Whistling and baton-waggling are the disorder of the day.

The consistency with which our politicians contrive to back the wrong horse has been freshly illustrated by the Sino-Japanese dispute. We have made ourselves look ridiculous and impotent with an arms embargo that no one else obeyed, and we have chosen to alienate an old and trusted ally for a League of Nations notion about self-determination among a people who have been in a state of chaotic civil war for the last fifteen years. Japan snapped her fingers at Europe and its commissions, and the League dove has lost more feathers out of its tail. A reading of *The Tinder Box of Asia*, by George Sokolsky (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.), is enlightening. It deals very appropriately with the whole story of events leading up to Japan's conquest of Manchuria. In this State there dwell 29,000,000 Chinese, 800,000 Koreans, and 250,000 Japanese. Self-determination logic says, therefore, Manchuria belongs rightly to the Chinese. The same argument applied to South Africa or India by the League would see us in a state of defiance.

For hundreds of years the Chinese have achieved nothing in Manchuria. Japan has rapidly civilized it. It is a rich State and offers a rich market. The anxious industrialists of Japan have

(Continued on a later page)

BOOKS TO READ

MEMOIRS OF THE DE LA ROCHE-JAQUELEIN, edited by Cecil Biggane (Routledge. 15s).

THE CASE OF IVAR KREUGER, by Manfred Georg (J. Cape. 7s. 6d.).

ON THE ANCIENT CENTRAL ASIAN TRACKS, by Sir Ansel Stern (Macmillan. 31s. 6d.).

MARY STUART, by June Meade (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.).

WE FIND AUSTRALIA, by Charles H. Holmes (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

I DWELT IN HIGH PLACES, by Marjorie Bowen (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

THE SECOND TIGRESS, by Ganpat (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

COME TO MY WEDDING, by Ruby M. Ayres (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

THE REAL THING, by Austin Phillips (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.).

THE FOUR SISTERS, by Joseph Delmont (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

SPRING FASHION SECTION

THE VEILED SHOULDER

o o o o o

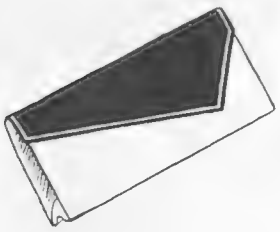
One of the most interesting features of the evening mode is the vogue for veiling the upper part of the arm. Every dress has either short draped sleeves or a transparent cape of organdie or tulle. This charming Mainbocher model in white crêpe has a most interesting back. The jade green sash can be converted into a train, and provides a striking colour contrast. Other details stressed in the Spring Collections were softened waistlines, split skirts, and many variations of the bracer corsage

SPRING

CHROMIUM

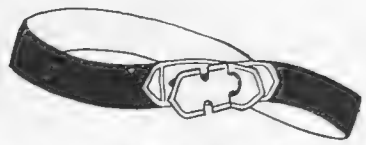
Here is a lady who wears, with justifiable assurance, a practical woollen cardigan with a white bow and metal fasteners. It costs 30s. and, with the two-toned linen bag shown below, it comes from Richard Sands. On the opposite page, above, is a blue webbing belt with a leather fastener, which is priced at 7s. 6d.; a hat and waistcoat scarf in off-white and navy angora; and, below, a cream serge coat with buttons and a buckle of brown polished wood

Whether or not you choose a hat with a brim depends entirely upon your own feeling in the matter, for these and little practically brimless caps are considered equally smart for sports and country wear. The attractive model shown above comes from Henry Heath, and is made in a new angora and straw mixture. A metal ornament adorns the side-front of the tucked crown, and it is available in a number of tweed colourings



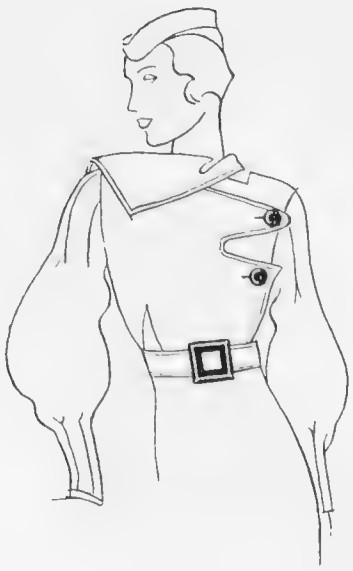
Softly woven coral coloured woollens are very much to the fore, and it is in this shade that the petersham hat on the right is expressed. A black and coral ornament holds the narrow upturned brim in place, but this is essentially the type of hat that can be adapted easily to suit anybody. This model also comes from Henry Heath, and, like its companion, is remarkably inexpensive. It can, of course, be obtained in other shades

FASHION SECTION



AND CHECKS LIVEN COUNTRY CLOTHES

Soft Saxony, with a small woven check, is used for this classic tailor-made from Studd and Millington. It shows the waisted effect and the slender, almost straight skirt that is being featured this Spring, while the overcoat on the right makes it easy to understand why large checks are enjoying such popularity. It is made in a fleecy material and costs 6 guineas, the price of the suit being 8 guineas. Both can be made in any fabric



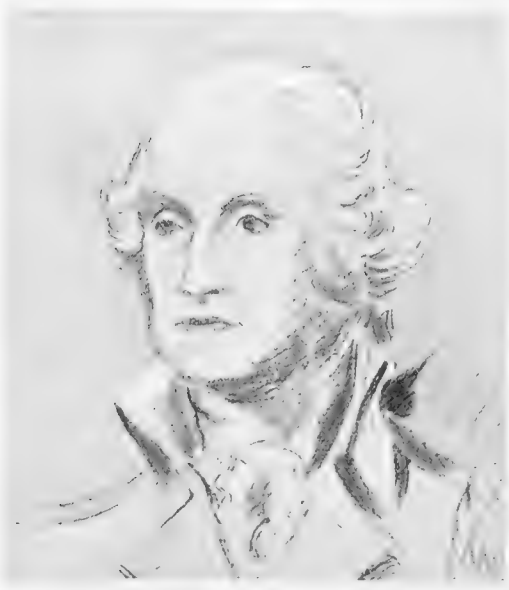
SPRING FASHION SECTION

THE PRESENT MODE CONCENTRATES ON THE BACK

Interest this season is centred in the back. This is true of coats, dresses, and hats. In almost every instance the fronts are comparatively plain, and it is only when the wearer walks away that one realizes the wealth of detail that has been lavished on the model. A striking example of this tendency is shown in the coat above. The beautiful marking of the fur is seen to the fullest advantage in the wide sweep from shoulder to shoulder, while the melon-shaped insets have a wonderfully slimming effect. This model, in grey Cabossol, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove and has particularly good bishop sleeves

FURS AND COIFFURES

This beautiful coiffure has been specially created by Emile to add to the charm of the new Spring hats, all of which are worn with a forward tilt. The hair is swept back in deep, loose waves over the ears, and is arranged in a cluster of tiny curls on the nape of the neck. It is equally suitable for blondes and brunettes



"GEORGE WASHINGTON," BY GUYON: A portrait in red crayon to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby, New Bond Street, on Monday, April 3

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 376)

joined hands with its militarists. Necessity of expansion and steady organization have brought Manchuria into Japan's grasp.

Mr. Sokolsky is an American journalist of Russian origin who has exceptional qualifications for writing this book. He has lived in Moscow and Pekin. He is married to a Chinese lady, and he has been important in Far Eastern affairs for a decade. He has a firm and honest outlook.

Mr. Peter Davies scored a direct success with his excellent series of 5s. biographies. These have added to our delight and to the colour schemes of our rooms, for the jackets have hues that banish the winter of our discontent. Hot on the heels of the 5s. series comes *Great Lives*, a new series of 2s. biographies published by Duckworth. The print and binding are delightful. The first dozen contains *Beethoven*, by Alan Pryce-Jones. I have not read any of the others, but if they are to be judged by Mr. Pryce-Jones's contribution then the series is indeed excellent. This study of Beethoven is opinionated, but it is all the better for that. The author has his own conception and his own courage in making his estimate of Beethoven. He presents to us a rugged, objectionable, ill-educated boor, probably a victim of congenital syphilis. Ugly in appearance, uncouth in manner, with a delight in rudeness and a gift for ingratitude, this Beethoven of Mr. Pryce-Jones is, nevertheless, a figure alive, powerful, and stamped with genius. Not a little of the pleasure of this concise, balanced study comes from Mr. Pryce-Jones's personal intrusion. It is a portrait, but the frame is also beautifully designed.

Thus, when the French invaded Vienna, Beethoven played Gluck to a party of French generals who sang to his accompaniment. Observes the author: "It may be noticed with regret that to sing Gluck beside one of the two greatest living composers is no longer a recreation of the heads of a victorious army."

There is no end to the happy invention of Mr. F. O. Mann. Here he comes again with as delightful a family as he has ever conceived, *Three, The Drive* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). The Otways take the large house in the Drive. They fill Mrs. Boomer and Mrs. Tarrant with curiosity. Mrs. Boomer descends to the kitchen, and finds there an immense, noisy, untidy but lovable family feeding, shouting, debating, and behaving in a manner that ought to have shocked Mrs. Boomer. I could not live for ten minutes with the Otways, but how lovable they are at a distance! When they moved in they came with a car crammed with "three old bicycles, a garden tent, half a dozen unframed oil paintings, fencing sticks, a battered oil stove, a spade, a garden rake, and on the top of everything, actually a large frying-pan." That defines the Otways. They were a human jumble sale. When they moved to Oxford, and out of my life, I was truly sorry to lose them.

Lancashire Mettle, by T. Thompson (Allen and Unwin. 5s.), is a collection of short studies of Lancashire people. Here is writing of the simplest order which never fails to achieve effect. Mr. Thompson has lived with and is of these people, and the life of the kitchen, shop, mill, and farm breathes in every line. From the study of the old mother down to the woman who walked out of church and joined the Methodists because the vicar's wife decorated the font and broke a tradition of three generations, there is a moving revelation of the spirit of humanity. This book has grown out of direct experience.

NOTES and NEWS

Rules for Flat Racing

The Lincoln Meeting on Monday, March 20, opens the Flat Racing Season, and, as usual, followers of the sport are planning how they will arrange their racing transactions. Betting rules change from time to time, but it is of interest that the 1933 Book of Rules, recently received by us from the firm of Douglas Stuart, Ltd., not only continues the old advantages, but offers many attractive methods of betting from the course. In addition to the usual generous terms for starting-price betting, "Duggie's" rules make it possible to back horses from race-courses by telegram right up to the "off," either at "Tote" or Starting Prices. This is an important concession to the investor, and where substantial bets are involved often results in a more generous price being obtained. Messrs. Douglas Stuart also continue to offer 5 per cent. over totalisator odds.

Cruising by Canadian Pacific

Laughing Buddhas from China . . . quaint paper toys from the Far East, alligators from the Isles of the Blest and Hush Money from the West Indies. These are just a few of the curios collected from the four corners of the world and displayed for the first time at Marshall and Snelgrove's Cruising Exhibition this week. Everything connected with sea voyaging is featured and diagrams, scale models of state rooms and swimming pools show the scope of the Canadian Pacific's world-wide travel system. The central feature of the exhibition is a large deck where mannequins parade the latest creations for life on board. There are intriguing deck suits, swim suits, cocktail gowns, berets, jumpers, and fancy dresses. Real cowboy outfits with the famous "ten gallon" hats and Hula Hula skirts. Life on the cruise will also be revealed . . . all the newest deck games are being played and experts in deck tennis and jockey games will show their skill. And if you want to go to Teneriffe or Timbuctoo, you can get all the information on the spot. The Canadian Pacific have sent to the exhibition a staff who will advise on cruises to all parts.

Rootes' Maidstone Show

The 13th annual Motor Show of Messrs. Rootes Ltd., of Piccadilly, will be opened at Maidstone on March 20. The show will remain open all day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and is to feature an extensive display of private cars and commercial vehicles.

For Pipe Smokers

"Airman" Navy Cut de Luxe, the new luxury tobacco recently introduced by John Player & Sons of Nottingham, is of special interest to smokers who prefer a Navy Cut Tobacco that is ready for the pipe. Wrapped in British-made moisture-proof packing which preserves to the full its smoking qualities, this new tobacco is on sale at all tobacconists at 11d. per ounce.

Rolls-Royce Dividend

The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have decided to recommend at the annual meeting at Derby on April 7, that a dividend be paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, together with a bonus at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the twelve months ended December 31. The profits for the twelve months ended December 31, 1932, were £150,978.

The London Portrait Society

The Editor regrets that as the result of a typographical error in last week's issue of THE SPHERE we referred to an exhibit entitled "Lesley" by T. Martine Ronaldson as the work of K. Faraday Boyd. This was, of course, a mistake and we hasten to tender our apologies to Mr. Ronaldson.

FURNISHING A LUXURY LINER: The lounge of the new Furness-Withy turbo-electric liner, *Queen of Bermuda*; one of the magnificent public rooms decorated and furnished by Messrs. Hamptons

ORPHANAGE CHILDREN AT DINNER: A sidelight on welfare work in Japan. It will be noticed that even the tiniest children are using chopsticks

JAPAN

(Continued from p. 366)

Thus my first impression had been modern, bustling, Western Japan; my second, old Japan of the picture books and legends, but I did not yet know which of the two was the right one. My third impression I got a little later at Nara, another former capital of Japan, and I think that it was probably as near the truth as possible.

Nara is not far from Kobe, but it is off the Tokyo main line, so that unless a traveller has leisure he misses seeing it, which is a pity as, to my mind, it is the most beautiful place in Japan. Parks and lakes and wooded hills dotted about with decorative red shrines; waterfalls and weeping willows, many-storeyed pagodas, and tame deer which wander about the streets and gardens unmolested. At night, when the lanterns are lit and their reflection glitters yellow in the ponds full of fat golden carp, it is the old Japanese picture which one has had in one's mind's eye since childhood. A mandoline tinkles in a paper house, anxious hotel-keepers stand on the thresholds of their inns bowing to arriving travellers or calling out to others, who pass by, the prices of their rooms and the special menu for that night's dinner; and then, breaking in on the peaceful atmosphere, a raucous voice burbles out from among the willows. Tokyo radio is giving the latest news about Manchukuo! The kimonoed country folk stop in their evening walk and listen gravely to the unseen voice, accepting all that is said as true, for it is by this wireless propaganda that Japan is made to think as one man. No one but those with views favourable to government policy are allowed to broadcast, the stirring up of sedition is punishable by death, so Chinese Manchuria becomes independent Manchukuo without a question being asked.

The political speech gives way to popular dance music; and turning away some of the listeners enter the shrine near by and, after removing their clogs, ring a bell to advise the god that they wish to make a petition, then throwing a coin into the offertory box they clap their hands as a further warning and, kneeling, reverently pray in the silence of the Shinto temple, while others of the younger generation hurry to the local skating rink opposite the shrine and reel about in their endeavours to control their legs on the unaccustomed wheels.

Clogs, kimonos, straw "boaters," battleships, temples, medieval castles, punctual railway services, sake and locally distilled "Scotch whisky." That, I think, is real Japan, a mixture of extremes.

All that is Western which is considered good for Japan, let it be Western; all that is better Japanese, keep it Japanese; and so General Muto, envoy of the divine Mikado, backed by the most modernly equipped army in the world, purified himself with a bath and meets Henry Pu-Yi, the last descendant of the Ching Emperors, who has cleaned his office for the occasion, and signs a document which will probably have a greater effect on the history of the world than the murder at Sarajevo in 1914.

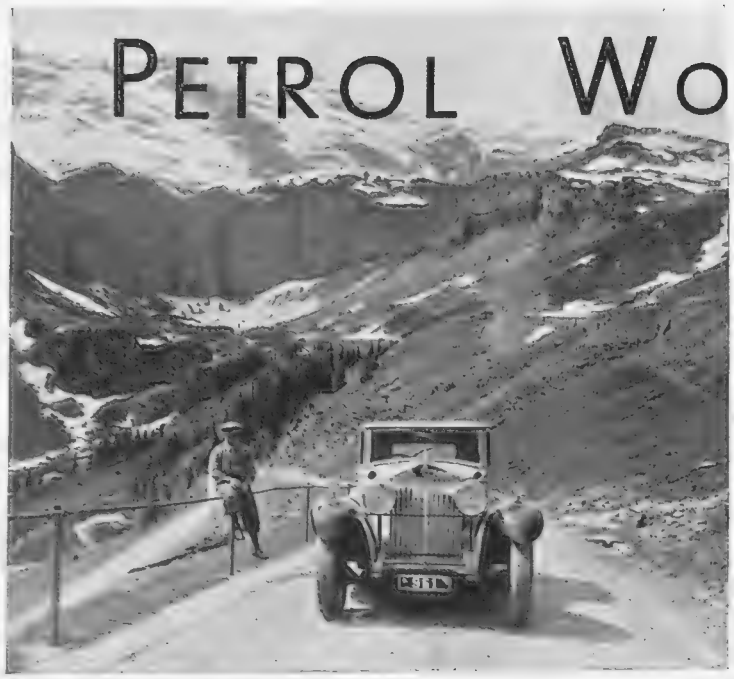
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In these difficult times the children must not be forgotten. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship find it more difficult every day to obtain the necessary finances to carry on their great work of maintaining 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship, *Arethusa*. Do not let the children suffer. Please send a donation to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")



IN THE SWISS PASSES: Travel to-day, even in the more mountainous districts of Central Europe, has become comparatively easy. At any rate, it presents few difficulties to this 40 h.p. Rolls-Royce saloon, which is admirably equipped for negotiating hilly country

We have waded in water, we have been almost suffocated with snow, and the wind has whistled almost through us during the past few weeks, but in spite of all this unpleasantness we have sampled sufficient of the Spring sun to make us realize that we now have reached that time of the year when we can go out and enjoy ourselves in the open. Ever since motor cars were first used the advent of Spring has brought probably more joy to the heart of the motor owner than to any other class of person. In the early days, unless the driver and passengers were more than usually hardy, motoring was a fair weather pastime. Windscreens were unheard of and hoods usually created more draughts than they prevented. Rain and snow simply soaked the occupants in a short space of time. With all these unpleasant attributes of motoring in the early days, it was not surprising that the arrival of March was a time that was looked forward to with more than usual keenness.

Those were the days when a very large percentage of motorists jacked up their cars and kept them in warm garages during the winter months. To-day, thanks to the perfection of anti-weather equipment, very few owners put their cars in the cloakroom till Spring comes round. Where this practice does rule the reason is usually to be found on the financial side owing to our absurd methods of taxation rather than from motives of weather. Whether we have used our car from October right through to March, or whether we have not, matters very little, because Spring means to everyone of us a much greater enjoyment of motoring. We are now at the beginning of the season when we can plan to have our picnic baskets with us for meals in the open. In other words, we are going to commence our open-air life after being shut up during the winter months.

This is the season of the year when the greatest number of new cars are purchased. This, of course, is not surprising, because many people feel that a new car is a good proposition even if the old one is not worn out. Fortunate individuals who have not to count their coppers should certainly change their car every twelve months, and the obvious time is during the month of March. Speaking for myself, I am a thoroughly lazy owner and I would sacrifice much in order to be certain that trouble will not overtake me. Modern cars are amazingly reliable, but even in spite of progress the first twelve months in a car's life are more likely to be freer of trouble than the second or any subsequent twelve months. For the last eight or nine years I have acted accordingly and changed my car each year, usually in the Spring. It may be as I have said more expensive, but it makes motoring vastly more interesting, far more pleasant and gives greater reliability. When an owner is weighing up the pros and cons of this suggestion of buying a new car every twelve months, he will be guided first of all by the mileage he has covered already and he is likely to cover in the next twelve months. His decision will also largely depend on whether he originally bought the car with the idea of running it until it could move no more or, in other words, for use over a period of ten to twenty years.

Any owner who does an annual mileage of over 15,000 on a modern high revving engined car which has been bought at a particularly moderate price should certainly consider very seriously whether the money he is likely to spend in repairs and adjustments to the engine, the cost of new tyres, etc., will not make it worth his while to spend a little more and buy a new car.

The owner who decides to keep his present car should remember that his motoring will quite likely be far more pleasant if the trusty vehicle is given a thorough spring-clean and overhaul. In the winter the distances travelled have probably been short. The long, dark evenings and the chilly atmosphere have not been quite conducive to lying on one's back and giving attention to many of the vital parts of the chassis. From now onwards journeys will tend to be longer and speed will probably become greater when the roads are dry and the air enticing, and so every part of a car should receive due attention if troubles are to be kept at bay.

The kind of overhaul which I have in mind is so thorough that I do not think there are many private owners who have the time or the inclination to carry it through. I, therefore, suggest that before any hard work with the car is commenced it should be handed over to a reliable garage for what I would call a good spring clean. Up to the moment I have only mentioned the chassis, but now that days are beginning to lengthen and the sun becoming, we hope, more intense, shabby body work, which was not noticed during the dark and muddy days of winter, will now begin to cry aloud for attention. Like a house or any other building, wood and iron, or perhaps I should say steel, must be protected by paint or other coating if their life is to be prolonged. Appearance, therefore, is not the only matter to be considered.

Tyres are apt to be neglected because the owner will probably argue to himself, if he thinks of the matter at all, if these covers have not made the car skid during the winter they are bound to be good enough for the spring and summer. My experience proves to me that roads can be far more treacherous in April and the succeeding months than during what I may call the wet season. The reasons, I think, are that we are inclined to be off our guard, and a surface which is just sprinkled with water, as is the case with a shower, is definitely more slippery than one which is continuously soaked. Time will not be wasted, therefore, in examining the treads of the covers.

Poets have told us that Spring has certain definite effects on human beings, and as motorists are still quite human they are obviously not immune from these effects, but they experience desires which the poets never dreamt of, and the additional one which has the greatest driving force is the wish to get right into the country, away from habitations of all kinds, and watch Spring developing. Unfortunately all motorists do not realize what a wonderful servant a motor car can be, particularly at this time of the year, and for this purpose, in less than an hour from a large city such as London, the car and its occupants can be transported from the brick and stone-lined streets to the open spaces of the countryside. To enjoy Spring motoring at its best the main roads should be left as quickly as possible. It is foolish to be in a hurry if the object of a drive is to see the countryside bursting into life. If time does not press, therefore, and it should not, a long drive through the country lanes at a very moderate speed is the best way to make the motor car assist its owner and friends to enjoy this season of the year. Even if time does press, a journey along the byways is frequently quicker and always more pleasant than a drive along a trunk road.

Quarter-day is fast approaching, and as a very large number of motorists find it impossible to take out a twelve months' licence for their car on January 1 owing to the pressing attention of other tax collectors, they have probably been driving with a licence which will expire on March 24. I would, therefore, warn all those concerned that quarter-day is not far off and the new licence should be obtained. Car owners who have laid up their vehicles during the winter are not likely to forget that a licence must be taken out before the car is used on the road.

I have just received news that one of our largest and most prominent suppliers of lubricating oil has started a service for motorists which, I think, will not only create a sensation in motoring circles, but will also bestow great benefits on all car owners. The well-known firm of C. C. Wakefield and Company, Limited, have now made arrangements with a chain of garages, even now numbering more than 1,000, to lubricate completely a motor car whilst the owner smokes a couple of cigarettes and watches the operation. This is, indeed, good news for springtime motorists, for they can go to any one of these mechanized service stations and have every part of the car lubricated while they wait. True, America has been ahead of us in this and in other directions for a long time, but I venture to think that this new Castrol service will even beat what our friends across the Atlantic have been proud of for a long time. There is

(Continued on p. 384)

IN THE THAMES VALLEY: One of the new Morris Ten saloons at Clifton Hampden, one of the prettiest villages in the Thames Valley

MECHANICAL AND NATURAL ARTISTRY: A Crossley Ten Torquay saloon at Alderley, Cheshire. This particular spot is known as Artists' Lane

FRESH AIR AND COMFORT COMBINED: A landaulette body on the Standard Twenty chassis which is the largest of the Standard models. The sliding roof and folding back allow the Spring sunshine to be enjoyed in full without draughts

For your car:

SHELL

IS

THE WORLD'S

MOST

RELIABLE

PETROL

R.A.F. NON-STOP FLIGHT

Sq. Ldr. O. B. Gayford and Ft. Lt. G. E. Nicholetts flew 5340 miles non-stop from England to South Africa on SPECIAL SHELL AVIATION PETROL

Mr. MOLLISON'S FLIGHTS ACROSS BOTH ATLANTICS

Mr. J. A. Mollison has flown the North and South Atlantic Oceans in record time on SHELL AVIATION PETROL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

"Synchro-Mesh has banished all terrors"

"The Synchro-Mesh gear is a great boon and absolutely fool-proof," writes a married man. "My wife and I have just completed 2,000 miles tour in Scotland, as far north as Inverness. On steep gradients, hills and corners, we found the ease of changing gear most useful and delightful. To change gear suddenly used to be a nightmare to my wife, now she delights to take the car anywhere at any time; the Synchro-Mesh gear has banished all terrors for her."

The magic Synchro-Mesh gearbox is a joy to lady drivers, because it makes gear changing so absolutely simple. Just a movement of the lever, no pausing in neutral or double declutching. Never was there a more *reliable* iron hand in a *smoother* velvet glove!

Though running costs are low, the Cadet engine gives vivid acceleration and ample power for all you will ever require. Steering is positive but finger-light and braking smooth but decisive. The roomy coach-work gives you every luxury. And as for style, you have only to look at the aristocratic lines to see that the Cadet expresses the last word in good taste.

Any Vauxhall dealer will give you a trial run—and a new thrill in motoring.

17 h.p. six-cylinder VAUXHALL CADET. 4-door Saloon—£295. Grosvenor Saloon de luxe—£325. Fixed-Heaa Coupé (2 or 4 light)—£295. (Sliding roof on Saloons and Fixed-Head Coupé Models.) *Romney 2-seater Drop-Head Coupé—£325. Denton 4-seater Drop-Head Coupé—£335. Tickford All-Weather Saloon—£335. (All prices ex-Works.)*

Complete range on view at 174–182, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W. 9.

SYNCHRO MESH

FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

MODERNITY IN A DICKENSIAN SETTING: The Lea her Bottel Inn at Cobham, Kent, which was a favourite retreat of Charles Dickens. To-day the inn forms a popular rendezvous for the motorist, and the fair occupants of this Humber Snipe "Eighty" Sports saloon are evidently appreciative of their picturesque surroundings

THE PETROL WORLD — (cont.)

no going round the chassis with a grease gun or a miserable squirt, for these mechanized garages are all fitted out with the very latest machinery to do the job efficiently and quickly, and the pressure employed, in some cases up to 10,000 lbs. to the square inch, will ensure that the oil or grease gets to the place intended. There are various other details of the scheme which are very attractive and helpful to the car owner. Certainly, Spring is the time of the year to launch such a scheme as this, and I can see that it will help motorists to enjoy their car at this time of the year more than would otherwise be the case, as they will be freer from trouble.

TO NEW MOTORISTS.—There are bound to be quite a number of new motorists at this time of the year. Although some of us, when we are forced to drive down the Portsmouth Road or other similar highway on a Sunday morning, are apt to imagine that the whole population is awheel, there really is a considerable number of motoring recruits every month, and within the next few weeks there will be thousands just on the point of going out for their first drive behind the wheel, and there will also be thousands more busily engaged in trying to decide what car they will purchase.

To those who have not made up their minds as to the particular car to own, I would impress upon them the very great desirability of thinking the matter out very carefully. It is a great mistake to buy a motor car the same way as one purchases a packet of cigarettes. To start with, the prospective owner will in all probability have some near relative, such as a wife, mother, or sister, who is destined to become a more or less permanent passenger. Where that is the case a little dual thinking will save a lot of trouble afterwards. Generally speaking, it is safer to buy a saloon than an open car if the family are unable to make up their minds one way or the other.

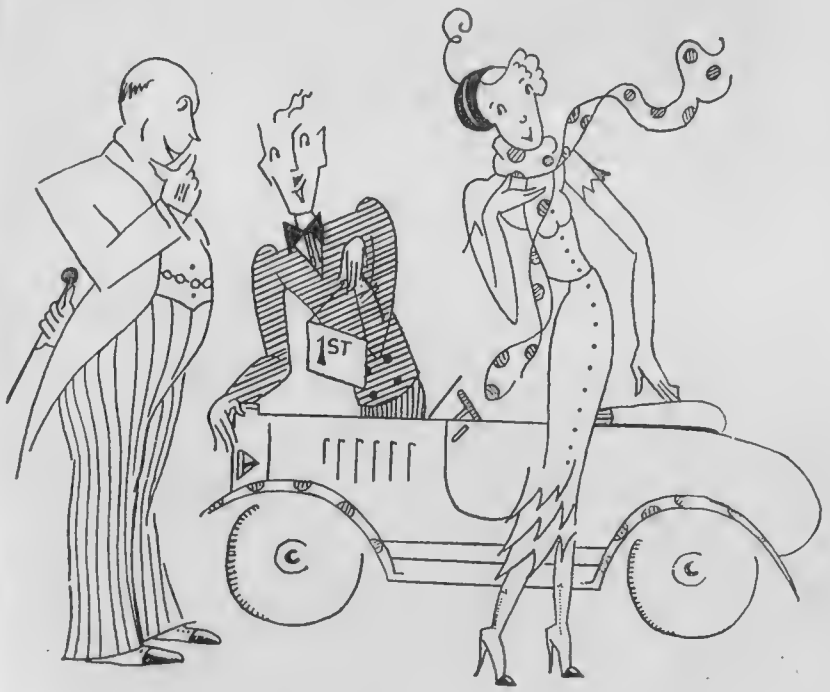
Again, it is wiser to err on the side of cheapness than extravagance. A new owner will find it a little difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy the total amount of money that he will require to spend to keep his car on the road. At the end of the first twelve months he will be in a much more enviable position if he finds that motoring has been cheaper than he anticipated, than to find out the reverse and be compelled to sell the car and give up motoring. Personally, if I were starting my motoring career I would buy one of the well-known baby cars to start with, and then if I found that a larger car was more desirable I would gradually advance by buying every twelve months a slightly larger vehicle. The motoring recruit might also be reminded that many bargains can be picked up in the second-hand market, but a little caution is desirable. I would never recommend anyone buying a second-hand car except from a friend, and even that is a somewhat risky procedure, or from one of our well-known old established firms who stake their reputation on the soundness of their second-hand vehicles.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—When the new owner at last gets on to the road he cannot be too cautious, and I would certainly advise him to embark on his initial journeys during the week rather than on Saturdays or Sundays. His first object should be to acquire confidence, and that can be obtained only through experience. At week-ends the roads are always far more crowded than during the week, and I think I am right in saying that nothing frightens a new driver more than the knowledge that another car is sitting on his tail endeavouring to pass. The beginner should, therefore, get on the byways, keep well to the left, and go at a moderate pace. When some hundreds of miles have been covered in this way he should try the main arterial roads but still during the week. I would not advise him to venture on our main roads during the week-end until at least 500 miles have been covered in the way I suggest.

The new motorist, man or woman, is indeed foolish if he or she starts off on his or her motoring career without becoming linked up with the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association. When a motor car is strange there is always a haunting fear that it may stop unexpectedly and the novice will then be completely helpless. In such circumstances it is a relief to realize that every Guide in Blue and every Scout in Khaki is a friend and servant ready to assist on the spur of the moment. I do not wish to hurry the new driver, but I seriously suggest that once he has obtained confidence in himself and his car he should endeavour to get along as rapidly as he can, having due regard to safety. One of the greatest curses on the roads to-day is the crawling motorist who meanders along the main roads during the week-end. Driving in this manner he may think that he is the world's safest driver and an example to the rest of the road, but let me assure him that he causes indirectly more accidents than the man who perpetually travels at 50 m.p.h.

If a driver wishes to travel along slowly, bask in the sunshine and admire the view, he should be driving on a side road and not on a by-pass. I feel so strongly on this slow driving that I am particularly anxious that the new-comer to motoring should be a worthy motorist rather than one that would be far better off, so far as he and other road users were concerned, in his armchair at home.

(*Cont. on p.* 386)



I've decided to go in for **serious** *motoring. So I've entered my car for a Rally, and I'm getting a frock to match the car, which is yellow, and a scarf to match the wings, which are green. I mean, judges and committees are so human when you get to know them. Of course, some people prepare for a Rally by prodding about in the engine and adjusting things. But I don't think an engine really likes being prodded. And anyway, lots of people say that as long as I give it Castrol there's no reason why it shouldn't go and go and go.*

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THE PETROL WORLD — (cont.)

TRAFFIC SIGNALS.—Every week that I motor I come across a new cross-road or junction where automatic light signals have just been installed. Now that motorists are becoming accustomed to these robots they are working well and it is undoubtedly the general opinion that they relieve congestion and minimize accidents. In addition to being cheaper than a policeman they are vastly more efficient, and I hope that their use will be soon further extended. So far as I can see their erection must be quite a costly matter. At a cross-roads the general procedure is to erect at least four posts and on each of these we have two or more banks of lights. In Berlin they erect two or four tall posts from the top of which are slung wires, then hanging down right over the centre of the cross-roads there is a light unit having four sides with its three colours—red, orange, and green—pointing down each of the four streets. Personally, I think this method must be cheaper, and I am convinced that it is more efficient because it is practically impossible to get into a position where the lights cannot be seen.

Talking of Berlin reminds me that the other day someone told me that a motorist is fined on the spot by a policeman if he leaves his mechanical direction sign, namely, the red illuminated arm, in a horizontal position for more than a few seconds after he has turned a corner. On my car I find I frequently forget to return the arm to its position of rest, and I am afraid that I am not the only motorist in this country who transgresses in this way. Fortunately, there are at least two devices which can be used to prevent wrong signals being given in this manner. First of all, there is a time switch which will automatically return the illuminated arm to a vertical position after a predetermined time. Secondly, the steering wheel column can be fitted with contacts so that when the wheel is straightened out after rounding a bend the arm is automatically returned to the vertical. Should the Ministry of Transport ever decide to make it compulsory for motorists to fit these automatic signals on their cars, I think it would be advisable if some such automatic device as I have mentioned were also specified.

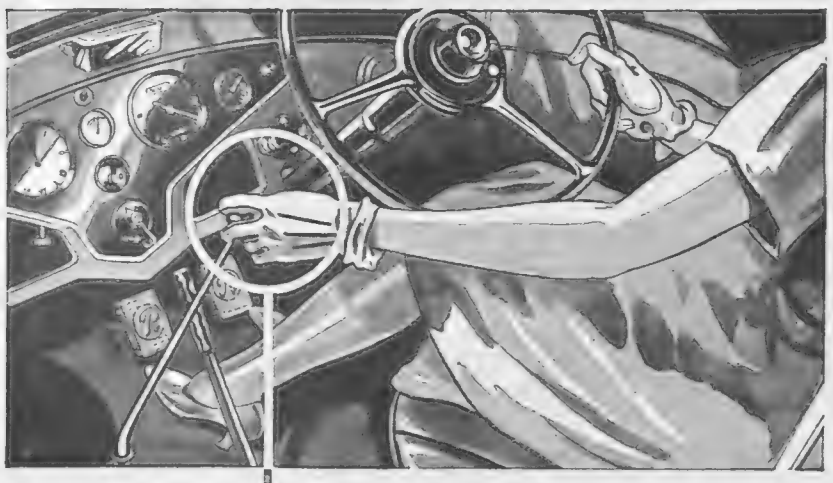
THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN: Personal comfort, convenience, elbow and head room are characteristic of this "Berkeley" de luxe saloon. The upholstery is of high quality with arm-rests, foot-rests, and folding tables

BANISHING THE GEAR-BOX BOGY: A Rover Pilot 6-cylinder saloon fitted with controlled free-wheeling and clutchless gear change. Its selling price is £258 complete

CONTINENTAL TESTS.—British motor manufacturers are now sending cars abroad for tests over roads and hills which they will have to tackle if used by foreign purchasers. In this way, instead of waiting at home for orders, foreign competition is being met, literally, on its own ground. The result has already been a stimulation of foreign interest in British cars and an increase of orders. Two Singer cars—a 14-h.p. Saloon and a 9-h.p. Sports Coupé — were recently sent to Switzerland. The worst mountain roads and gradients were selected by the Singer dealers for trials. On one road which rises to a height of 3,500 ft., the gradient in many parts was said to be 1 in 3. The British cars came through the test with flying colours. The result is that one of the largest distributing organizations in Switzerland —with dealers covering the whole of the country—is placing substantial orders for the Singer, bringing increased trade and more employment for British workers.

In the recent winter Reliability Trial, organized by the Austrian Touring Club, three Standard cars were entered. They comprised an Ensign model, driven by a lady, an Avon Sports four-seater, and a ten-year-old "S.L.O. 4" model, commonly known nowadays as a "Slow-four." The poor state of the roads rendered the trial exceptionally difficult. In some parts the cars sank axle deep in mud, whilst in others the roads were covered with ice. When the results were announced it was found that the three British cars had swept the board.

TRIUMPH TRIUMPHANT.—The introduction of a new saloon car with sports performance is announced by the Triumph Company of Coventry. It has a four-cylinder engine of 9.8-h.p. and is known as the Triumph Ten. Speeds of up to 75 m.p.h. are possible. The saloon body is of the four-door six-light type. It has attractive low lines, but at the same time provides ample accommodation and head-room. A sliding roof, single panel opening screen and dual wind-screen wipers are standardized. The spare wheel is carried at the rear of the car and is enclosed in a metal case with chromium band. A special feature is the centralized jacking system. The specification includes a long wheel-base chassis, Lucas "startix" equipment, grouped chassis lubrication, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, a new style radiator with vertical shutters, a folding luggage grid, and bumpers front and rear. The price is £225, and two distinctive colour finishes are offered.



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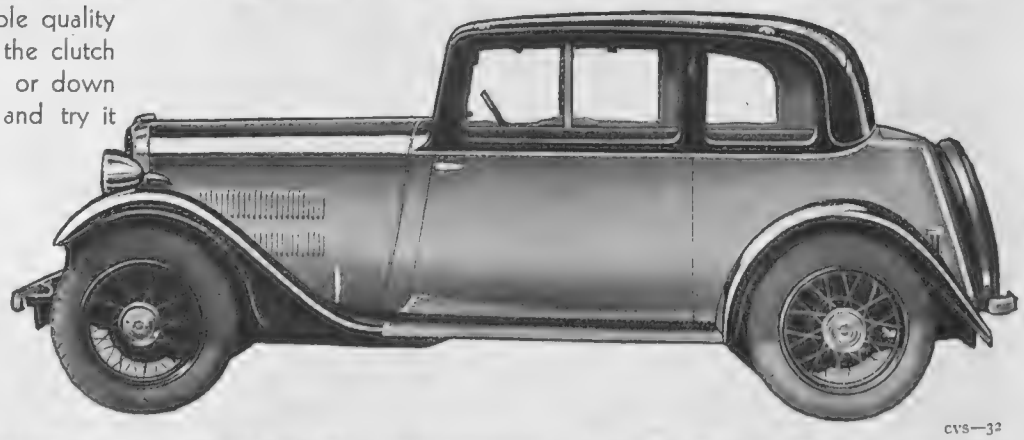

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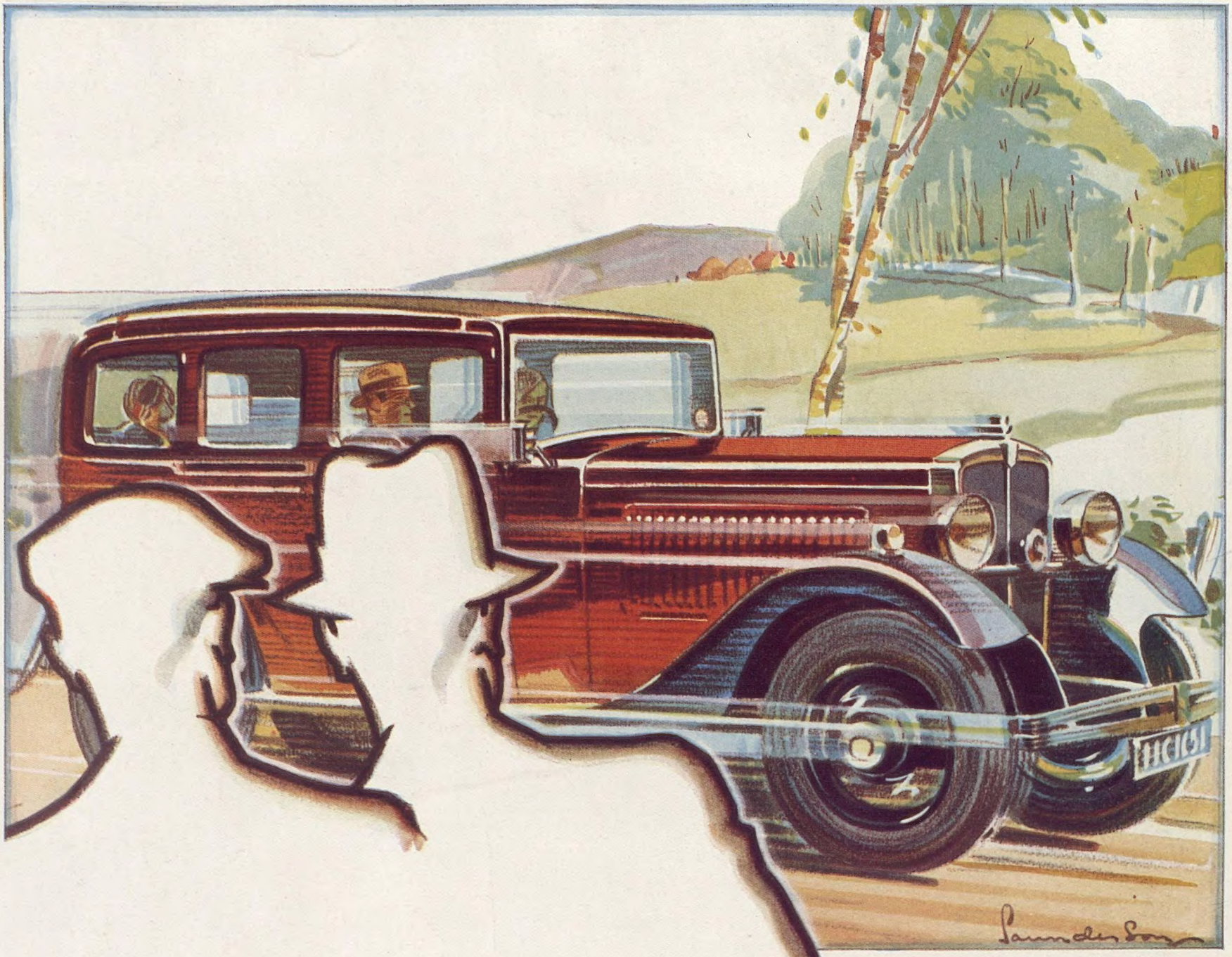

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